

**PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE
DIOCESE OF ILLINOIS
1856 - 1892**

BY

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RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH, CHICAGO
1859 - 1895
FOUNDER OF ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL
1864**

EDITED BY

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DIOCESE OF CHICAGO**

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ILLUSTRATIONS


Bishop Whitehouse

Bishop McLaren

Christ Church, Joliet; Grace Church, Chicago

St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago (1895)

Dr. and Mrs. Locke



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P R E F A C E

Dr. Locke's Personal Reminiscences have too long been hidden from the Church, filed away in the diocesan archives. Now, under the sponsorship of the Vestry of Grace Church, Chicago, they are ready for the appreciation so long overdue.

Part One (1856-1875) was given to the Registrar, the Rev. Francis J. Hall, by Dr. Locke in 1899. They were not to be published, nor shown publicly without Dr. Locke's permission, within twenty-five years. After his death, in 1904, Mrs. Locke gave the original mss. and a typed copy of Part Two (1875-1892) to the Registrar. In 1936, the then Registrar, the Rev. Percy V. Norwood, had two copies typed for the Chicago Historical Society and the library of Seabury-Western Theological Seminary. Plans for the publication of the Reminiscences for the Centennial of the Diocese in 1935 were never brought to fruition.

It has been necessary to edit and include footnotes, as some of the names and situations may be unfamiliar to current readers. It is hoped that such annotations are useful and illuminating.

Grateful appreciation must be given to Grace Church-in-the-Loop, Chicago, Illinois, for their enthusiastic sponsorship of this project.

The Editor

September, 1976

PART ONE:
BISHOP WHITEHOUSE'S EPISCOPATE



THE RT. REV. HENRY JOHN WHITEHOUSE
BISHOP OF ILLINOIS 1852 - 1874

PART ONE:

THE EPISCOPATE OF THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY JOHN WHITEHOUSE, SECOND BISHOP OF ILLINOIS, 1852-1874

In the spring of 1856, I, being then a young deacon in the parish of S. Barnabas at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, New York, received a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, Joliet, Illinois, and decided to accept it. I had at the same time a call to a beautiful country parish on the Hudson, Hyde Park, and everybody thought I was mad not to go there, but I was determined to go West. God has graciously given me what we vulgarly call "horse sense", and that gift told me that the West was the best place for a young man who wanted to make his way in the world. I could have led a life of elegant leisure in the fashionable community at Hyde Park, but I never could have done much work for my Church and my Master. The bishop of Illinois was Bishop Whitehouse, and probably no man in the Church was more talked about and more unpopular than he was at that time, both in and out of his diocese, the reason being his steady refusal to remove his residence from New York to Chicago. He made, of course, many excuses for this, that the salary was insufficient, that no residence was provided, that the education of his children could not be well carried on in Chicago, etc., but very justly no one thought these reasons at all sufficient. Every one said, naturally, "There is nothing that should keep a bishop from living in his Diocese." I put on one side all the newspaper talk of disparaging remarks made by him about Chicago, for they were probably no more truthful than such things now are. Like all the world I had been much interested in the Illinois troubles, but how perfectly "vealy" and how utterly unnecessary it was for me to do what I did on notifying the bishop of my acceptance of the call, to notify him, also, that I disapproved of his nonresidence! Why should I have jumped into a row with which as yet I had nothing to do? How the bishop must have laughed at the "cheekiness" of this young deacon! He treated this matter as it deserved, never noticed it and never alluded to it. Bishop Whitehouse was a very remarkable man and has never been properly appreciated on account of the many difficulties in his administration. He was a very fine scholar, not only in the classics, but in modern languages, in fact in every department of study. He was a very well read theologian and I never heard any one lecture on the Scriptures who could compare with him. (He gave, for years, a weekly Bible lecture to the city clergy at his house.) He was a brilliant, fervid speaker, though often too wordy, too long drawn out. He was a tireless worker, never daunted by any obstacle, and resolutely putting down all physical ailments and all ideas of self indulgence. Though a thorough aristocrat by birth and training and accustomed to every luxury, he was perfectly at home in the meanest cottage in his diocese and accepted everything with cheerfulness and exquisite courtesy. I never heard him complain of fatigue, or of discomfort, or of privation, and yet he underwent a great deal of all those things. There was no subject which he did not ever seem perfectly to understand, and I do not believe a more delightful talker ever lived. Above all, his life and character were perfectly stainless. He was, however, one of the poorest judges of human nature I ever met, and was very often misled by putting faith in persons whose unreliability was evident to every one else. He also seemed to

lack completely the power of seeing the effect certain positions taken would have on the public, how men would estimate them, what would be the public judgment of them, whether a wise and eminently proper expediency did not counsel another course. Any man who utterly neglects expediency, which S. Paul never did, will be sure to fall into difficulties, and I attribute a great deal of Bishop Whitehouse's trouble to his inability to look at things from any other standpoint than his own. Take the "quaestio vexatu" of the residence. He was in his diocese far more, and worked much harder in it than two or three bishops I could name, ever are now; they are as blameworthy as he, but they manage by prudence to avoid much comment. If he had taken a house in Chicago at the first, had lived in it when in Illinois, had brought the members of his family out with him, and had a competent person always there to represent him, I feel sure very much of the obloquy he incurred would have been avoided. His large private fortune would have made this an easy thing for him to do, and he would have saved himself much trouble, but he took years to do it, though it was strongly recommended to him from the first.¹

I took charge at Joliet in July, 1856, and on the tenth of September in that year I was ordered priest in what is now the Cathedral, but which was then the small parish church of the Atonement, consisting of part of the nave of the present building. A Mr. Warner² preached the sermon. I have not the slightest recollection of him, his sermon, or even of his text. Of all the clergymen connected with the Diocese of Illinois at that time - about forty in number - only five are now living, (1898) and not one of them now is in the diocese. Things were different then in convention, for we had a sermon on the second day as well as the first, and the proceedings began at half past eight in the morning. The ever burning "question" soon presented itself, for there were but few gatherings then in which it did not rear its head. A report was made about the bishop's salary. It stated that in 1852 five hundred dollars had been pledged by the Convention for the bishop's traveling expenses; that in 1854 two thousand dollars had been pledged for his salary, and the same sum in 1855: of all this four thousand five hundred only seven hundred and forty-three dollars had been paid. A resolution was then introduced that these pledges for salary had been made only on the distinct understanding that the bishop would without delay take up his residence in Illinois. This resolution was laid on the table by a very close vote - sixteen to fifteen of the clergy; twelve to nine of the laity. A statement was, however, allowed to be printed in the Journal, signed by fourteen clergymen and fifteen layment. This statement protested against any moral delinquency being attached to those who had not paid their pledges, for they considered them entirely conditional on the bishop's removal to Illinois. The paper concluded with a flat refusal to try to collect anything unless the bishop did remove. (The only parishes in Chicago at that time were S. James', a brick structure; Trinity, a wooden church on Adams Street near Clark; The Atonement; Grace, a little wooden box, corner of Dearborn and Madison; S. Ansgarius; Christ, another and uglier wooden box, where Mr. Cheney held forth; S. John's, a parish then flourishing but now entirely passed out of existence, the fine building on Ashland Avenue being now occupied by a Presbyterian congregation.) All the rectors of these churches were opposed to the bishop. As I had been only a month or two in the

¹Bishop Whitehouse established residence in Chicago by 1860.

²The Rev. Abraham Jarvis Warner - Diocesan missionary for many years. In 1856 he was in charge of St. Andrew's, Farm Ridge.

diocese I might well have been excused from signing the paper, but no, I must needs plunge into the fray and I signed it separately, saying, that although I had not been here during the time I sympathized fully with the signers. How unnecessary !! It must not be thought that the bishop had no friends and that there was no "Bishop's party". The bishop was a man to whom many people were thoroughly devoted. I cannot say I ever loved him, even after the breach between us was healed, but I always greatly admired him, recognized his wonderful gifts, and in the memorial sermon which the Diocese selected me to preach, I tried to do him full justice. But in his darkest days there were many, especially laymen, who greatly loved him. I remember one fervent admirer, Colonel Servost, who once arose in Convention and said sarcastically: "I have heard my bishop called everything in this Convention but a horse thief; I wish some one would call him that so that I could say I had heard every abuse possible heaped on him." I remember once standing by the bishop's chair when he was being very violently attacked by certain members of the Convention. He said to me in a low tone: "You now see a repetition of the ancient cry with which the early Christians were so familiar, 'Episcopas ad leones.'"

But the question of residence was not the only thing that disturbed our unhappy diocese. There was another one growing out of it which was also a fertile source of discord. It was called the "Beers' Lot", and that also "shook its gory locks" at this Convention. The "Beers' Lot" would, like Aaron's serpent, swallow up this whole paper if I went into all its ins and outs. I hope some day to write it up in full. I will only say in general that a Chicago Churchman, named Beers, desirous of doing good, had offered to give the bishop a lot on Jackson Street between Wabash and Michigan Avenues as a site for a bishop's church, and a lot adjoining for a residence, the second lot to be purchased at a fair valuation. A legal contract had been drawn up about this, and quite large subscriptions had been made toward the work, but they could not be collected owing to the loss of public confidence in the bishop's intention to remove, and the whole thing hung fire. The bishop alluded to this and deplored it, and said that he had been offered Grace Church for a bishop's church, that he had accepted it and had found a suitable man to put in as his assistant. Then he added significantly: "As once before, obstacles had arisen and the plan could not be carried out." I had nothing to do with Grace Church then, but I knew what the obstacle was, for it was an open secret. The congregation absolutely refused to be made over to the bishop and the vestry had to recede from their proposition to him. The bishop in his address spoke very nicely of me and of my work at Joliet, which was very magnanimous in him in view of my uncalled-for note to him. He mentioned that twelve or fifteen churches were in process of erection, and also, casually, that on June 22nd he had preached seven times in twenty-four hours. That is a sample of his very great energy and tireless endurance. At this Convention (1856) I heard for the first time of the poor little struggling diocesan college, Jubilee, with two thousand dollars assets above its liabilities. Like many other Church colleges, founded about those times, it never amounted to anything.³

³Jubilee College, located about 15 miles northwest of Peoria, had been founded in 1840 by Bishop Chase. It lasted until 1862, when the removal of Southern support and students due to the Civil War, forced its closing. Reopened under various programs during the latter part of the 19th century, it finally closed its doors in 1912. Today the remaining buildings are landmarks in Jubilee State Park.

In those days the Convention was peripatetic and wandered about the Diocese, so this year we met in Peoria where I had the honor of preaching a sermon on the education of children, a subject with which, being a callow youth and unmarried, I was, of course, perfectly familiar, and which, of course, I was eminently capable of discussing! At this Convention Dr. Clarkson rector of St. James's and afterward Bishop of Nebraska, the most prominent clergyman in Illinois, and the most bitterly, sometimes most unjustifiably, opposed to Bishop Whitehouse, offered a resolution that six laymen, whom he named, should be appointed to act in concert with the Bishop for the purpose of renting a house, the rent of which was to be raised by subscription. This passed and we shall hear from it afterward. At this Convention two new parishes were admitted from Chicago, the Holy Communion, a free church, now extinct, which stood then down town not far from the new Public Library, but afterward voyaged up town on Dearborn near Twenty-Ninth, became after a year or so a colored church and is now (1898) a colored meeting house. The Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, now Bishop of Minnesota, was the rector. The other parish was the Ascension, a very "Low Church" parish, organized by one of the lowest of low Churchmen, a Mr. Cracraft, who afterward became a Presbyterian. He reports that they had a good "Sabbath School". This enterprise had been formerly called the "Wells Street Mission." This year \$800.00 were given for missions and the Bishop pleaded earnestly for more. I remember how fine his address was. Bishop Whitehouse's addresses were very remarkable productions, and, though often too long, always elicited the admiration of friend and foe. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that once, carried away by his oratory, the whole Convention broke into applause, a most unusual thing in one of our churches! It was in this address that the Bishop said he had tried to resign in order to end all the unpleasant relations, but his brother bishops would not allow him to do so. This was not, however, because they thought him right, for they did not, but because they did not wish to establish a precedent that a bishop could resign whenever he had difficulty in getting on with his diocese.

This year the Convention met in Springfield and the Trustees of the Diocese of Illinois, a body which was not then the shadow of a shade it now is, made a frantic appeal to the parishes to pay the Bishop what was due him. This appeal did secure the payment to him that year of \$1,393, but not a cent of all the back salaries. Nothing was said openly in the Convention about the Bishop's coming to reside, but there was a great deal of private talk, and it was understood that a report of the Residence Committee was being kept back from us at the Bishop's request. No new parishes this year in Chicago, although the city was rapidly growing and now contained fully 100,000 people.

This was a very important year for me for in July of this year I became rector of Grace Church, as I said, a wretchedly built wooden shell, lately moved to the corner of Wabash Avenue and Peck Court, run down, "scattered and peeled", but with men in it who were willing to help me bring it out of darkness into light. I appear now in the Journal for the first time as "Clinton

Locke", for before this I had carried the very long tail to my kite of "James DeWitt Clinton", that being my baptismal endowment. At the Bishop's request, seconded by the long suffering Secretary of the Convention I dropped everything but the "Clinton" and probably few know that I am the legal possessor of so much else. This was a most exciting Convention and personalities hurtled like arrows through the air of St. James' Church, where the Convention was held. (May God pardon all the ugly thoughts and words of that day.) The Committee on the Residence, which it was understood had not been allowed to report the last year, now reported as follows - That on November 16, 1857, they had selected a house on Wabash Avenue near Twelfth Street and had offered it to the Bishop. He replied that he could not decide for months. They had done no more then. In April, however, of the current year, the Bishop had said to them that he would like a house at about six hundred dollars a year, but that he had no intention of bringing his family to Chicago. They had tried to raise the six hundred dollars but could only get three hundred and seventy, and they asked to be discharged. This was refused and the Bishop was asked by the Convention to state to it what he meant to do about coming. He spoke about an hour on the subject and thoroughly illustrated Tallyrand's words "that language was given to us to conceal our intentions." We adjourned in much perturbation of spirit. In the afternoon another Committee, supposed to be more friendly to the Bishop, was appointed on the "Residence", and later they reported that the Bishop had given them assurances that the obstacles to his removal would cease in two years and that he pledged himself to remove before that time with his family into the Diocese. The Committee reported no resolution for they said they could not agree on one to offer. A preamble and resolution were, however, offered by some one and passed. The preamble recounted the sad facts - two thousand dollars and a residence pledged again and again, and one year one thousand and three hundred and ninety-three dollars paid, and another year one thousand and sixty-six, and other years nothing, and no residence. The first resolution regretted all this, confessed the obligation to pay everything pledged, and expressed a belief that if the Bishop would only move to Chicago all obligations would soon be met. The second resolution provided that the whole matter of the residence be referred to the House of Bishops and that they be requested to take such action as would promote peace and quiet. Let me say in passing that they did take action at their very next meeting and passed Section XI, Canon 19, Title I, which makes it the duty of a Bishop to reside in his diocese, a thing which in our day seems axiomatic. No new parishes in Chicago this year. I recollect the splendid defense of the just deceased Bishop Henry Onderdonk, which one Bishop made in his address, and which went to the hearts of many of us who thought Bishop Onderdonk had been martyred, not so much on account of his weaknesses, as because he was a High Churchman.⁴ Thank God, my hearers, that you did not live in those days of bitter and unchristian party spirit. The Bishop made also a fearless and well merited attack on a wretched "Low Church" missionary society called the "Pastoral Aid", which had started in the Diocese to antagonize the regular Diocesan Missionary Society, which, without the slightest justice, it accused of making unfair distinctions. It was delightful to hear the Bishop's brilliant periods as he lashed it unmercifully.

⁴Henry Ustic Onderdonk, Bishop of Pennsylvania, 1836-1844, resigned and suspended by the House of Bishops, under the charge of intemperance. Sentence removed in 1856, yet he was never restored to his see. Died in 1858.

If the Convention of 1859 had been exciting what shall we say of the Convention of 1860? Even after all these years I blush when I think of its doings. It met in Quincy and The Rev. Mr. Cheney was the assistant secretary. The Bishop announced in his address that he had hired a suitable house in Chicago, had moved his furniture and library there, and that his whole family would be settled there early in October. This, of course, laid for ever the unquiet ghost of the Residence, and it would seem as if now the weary Diocese might have looked for peace, but alas! the "Beers Lot" stood ready to rear its ugly head, and before the first day of the Convention was over, it did. The Bishop stated that he had made a settlement with Mr. Beers - that for the sum of six thousand dollars he had re-deeded to him the property and that it was his intention to use that money for the founding a Bishop's Church. (He did not use the word "Cathedral", for in those days that word was like a red rag to a bull, even "High Churchmen" kicked at it.) This intention the Bishop soon carried out and the present Cathedral⁵ was bought with that money. The statement of the Bishop aroused a most violent feeling for very many people thought that Beers ought to have had the property returned to him without paying anything, and they did not hesitate to say he had been "squeezed". A motion was made to have that part of the Bishop's address referred to a Committee. Then a motion was made by the Bishop's party to lay that motion on the table. It was lost, fifteen to twenty clergy, nine to thirteen lay. Then a substitute was offered to refer the matter to a special Committee of four to report at the next Convention. A vote to lay this on the table was lost - sixteen to eighteen clergy. A motion to adjourn was lost. Then a vote was taken on the substitute, but it was lost, and amid deep feeling the Convention adjourned. The next day a temperate, and what ought to have been a satisfactory resolution was passed by the Bishop's party stating, that while the Convention did not feel charged with the management of the six thousand dollars it was perfectly satisfied with the declaration made by the Bishop that he held the money in trust. This was carried by a vote by orders, nineteen to eighteen clergy, and the one majority for the Bishop's party was secured as follows: a deacon who had been ordained the day before was given a cure by the Bishop and immediately put on the list of voters. I, with many others, thought that very sharp practice at the time, but I have come to look upon it as a happy and providential thing which saved us from committing a very unwise and unjust action. All the Chicago clergy and all the Chicago parishes voted in the negative. The scene was most unedifying and there are things connected with it which, from my regard for living persons, I will not mention. Many of the delegates left the church. The Bishop prayed the collect for St. Stephen's Day and the Gloria in Excelsis was sung!!! Imagine the head lines in the Chicago papers the next morning, and the hubbub in the parishes, and the coldness and estrangements that followed! As the months went by after the Quincy Convention I reflected long and seriously over the matter, I went over the whole "Beers Lot" business carefully and I was convinced that whatever blunders and bad moves the Bishop might have made during the years it was in evidence, in the settlement he had done a wise thing and above all had not acted on his own judgment but on the advice of his Standing Committee. Beers certainly had

⁵This was the old Cathedral of Ss. Peter & Paul, located at Washington and Peoria Streets, Chicago. It was the first cathedral in the Episcopal Church, organized in 1861. Destroyed by fire in 1921, and never rebuilt.

lost nothing, for he had secured property worth far more than six thousand dollars, and the Bishop had secured that much for the very work Beers wished to further. I made the whole subject a matter of earnest prayer and I came to the conclusion, that no matter how others felt, I felt that I had acted unwisely and with prejudice at Quincy, and that, annoying as it would be, it was my duty as a Christian man to say so. I wrote to the Bishop saying this and received a polite and cold reply. I also wrote to all the clergy who had been present at the Convention expressing my conviction that the action against the Bishop had been wrong. One or two of my associates replied calling me "toady" and other pretty names, but the great majority wrote warmly saying that they respected any man who had the courage of his convictions. Some then, and many since, who had voted with me, wrote that they also regretted their action.

THE COLLECT FOR ST. STEPHEN'S DAY

Grant, O Lord, that in all our sufferings here upon earth, for the testimony of thy truth, we may steadfastly look up to heaven, and by faith behold the glory that shall be revealed; and being filled with the Holy Ghost, may learn to love and bless our persecutors, by the example of thy first martyr Saint Stephen, who prayed for his murderers to thee, O blessed Jesus, who standest at the right hand of God to succor all those who suffer for thee, our only Mediator and Advocate.

AMEN.

In the continuation of my reminiscences we now come to the year 1861. The sores of the Beers incident at Quincy were not yet healed and the very worst feeling existed between the Bishop and the majority of the Chicago clergy, favored continually by the efforts of some who are now dead and gone. It is very evident what the Bishop thought of the action at Quincy from the endorsement on a paper of his now in the Diocesan archives, "Private notes of my own on the Cathedral Trust in connection with the Quincy conspiracy." That was rather a hard name to give the action of his opponents for they were all firmly convinced he had wronged Beers. As we look back on that transaction now it is hard to see where Beers was wronged, for that individual got back property extremely valuable and which he had no right even to expect to possess, for a small sum, and as to any personal use of the money which it was openly stated in Chicago the Bishop intended to pocket, the Bishop declared plainly at Quincy that he intended to use every cent of it in the establishment of a Bishop's Church, the very object Beers had wished to further. It must never be forgotten that in all this Beers matter the Bishop never took a single step without the advice and consent of the Standing Committee. It was the way in which the whole affair was arranged and the want of frankness constantly exhibited, that gave rise to much of the misunderstanding and all flowed from that bitter source, the long non-residence.

In the Bishop's Convention address he mentions his visit to Grace Church and says, "The Rev. H. Stanley assisted in the services." He does not say that he brought the Rev. Mr. Stanley expressly to keep the Rector from taking part in the service except to present those who were to be confirmed. This was the case, however, and the Bishop only addressed me when necessary. He

was polite, but arctic; I thought his conduct very ill advised and it is a wonder that it did not deter me from writing the circular letter of which I spoke in my first paper, but that was a duty with which I could not allow any pettiness on the Bishop's part to interfere. Of course his conduct was meant to be a slap for my action in the Quincy Convention. In the same address he gave a sharp and well merited dig at Trinity, Chicago, by saying that since 1859 but two persons had been confirmed in that large parish. The terrible condition of the Church in Chicago, and indeed throughout all Illinois, is well shown by the reports of contributions; Diocesan Missions, eight hundred and sixty-three dollars, Bishop's salary, seven hundred and fifteen dollars, and but a small portion even of that pittance came from Chicago. The rectors found great difficulty in getting any money for these objects though I do not think they overworked themselves in trying.

This was the last year of the peripatetic Diocesan Convention. We met in Ottawa, but ever since we have met in the Cathedral. No one even dared say "Cathedral", for the idea of an American cathedral was too unpopular and too popish to have much currency. Even some years after that as I was excusing myself to Bishop Upfold of Indiana for leaving him as I had an engagement at the Cathedral, he snarled at me like an angry lion and said, "Young man, we have no cathedrals in the Protestant Episcopal Church and with the help of God we will never have any." God, however, evidently did not agree with him, for He has helped us to have cathedrals all over the land. The Bishop of Illinois, however, called his the "Bishop's Church" and generally "The Bishop's Chapel." The chapel had come into existence during the spring of this year. (1861) It was a small stone building belonging to the parish of the Atonement and forms the nave of the present Cathedral of Ss. Peter and Paul. The Bishop purchased it with the six thousand dollars received from the Beers lot, and he contributed in its arrangement much money of his own. This was the first realization in the American Episcopal Church of the true cathedral idea, and to Bishop Whitehouse must be given the full credit of introducing that system into our Church. It was no sham cathedral, as so many are, parish churches with vestries and some conceded rights at set times to the Bishop; it was (and is) a building belonging solely to the Diocese, the title vested in the Bishop and absolutely under his control. It was thought Popish, un-American, impracticable, etc., etc., but "we have changed all that" and the person who ridiculed it the most built a Cathedral of his own on nearly the same lines. Of the forty-two clergymen present at the Ottawa Convention only three now remain in all the three dioceses of Illinois: The Revs. Dr. Draper, Mr. Heister and myself. The Bishop's address was lively enough, among other things he told us this astounding fact: in his address at Quincy the year before speaking of the Beers matter he referred to certain "Exhibits" which he said he would not read but would print in the Journal so that his points might be better illustrated. He arranged the printing of the Journal and the address with the secretary of the Convention as probably every bishop does. What was his astonishment on the appearance of the Journal not to find in it the "Exhibits". On enquiry he discovered that the secretary had assumed the responsibility of suppressing them and had not even notified him of his intention to do so. It is hard for us to imagine how any secretary could be guilty of such an impertinence. I do not really know what object the secretary had in view, but whatever it might have been it was completely foiled for the Bishop immediately had the "Exhibits" printed in a separate pamphlet and sent broadcast over the United States. The Bishop now appealed to the Convention requesting it to affirm distinctly his episcopal privileges in preparing his address, and to order the

printing of the "Exhibits" in this year's Journal. The Convention readily assented, and a committee appointed on the subject stated that the suppressed papers supplied information for the want of which much of the misconception on the part of Churchmen all over the land about the Beers matter had arisen. A resolution was unanimously passed "That the Bishop has a right to lay before his Diocese any matter he pleases, and that neither the Convention nor any of its officers has any right to alter, mutilate or suppress any part of the same." Then came the cutting words: "This Convention disapproves the act of the late Secretary in suppressing the 'Exhibits'."

The Bishop also communicated to us another very singular transaction. We have now in this Diocese, and in many other Dioceses, an act of the Legislature called the "Corporation Sole Act," which gives the bishop power to hold any property put into his hands for the benefit of any parish or Church institution. Similar acts had long been in use in Roman Catholic American dioceses, but Bishop Whitehouse was the first bishop of our Church to procure such an act for our benefit. It is a most admirable provision and has saved very many thousands of dollars to the Church in Illinois alone. It seems strange that any one should fault it, but there were certain people who thought that whatever Bishop Whitehouse did must be "ipso facto" wrong, and so they tried to get this act repealed. They succeeded and the Bishop thus speaks of the manner of their proceeding: "It was presented and carried through by the Senator from Cook County, no other parties appearing by petition or otherwise. The Bishop and the whole Diocese, even the rector and officers of St. Paul's, Springfield, were kept in ignorance of the movement and its purpose until it had received the sanction of the Governor. I am advised by the most competent legal authorities that this Act of 1861 (the repeal) is unconstitutional and void, and I beg to submit the subject for instruction as an attempt on the part of incompetent persons to assume the powers of the Convention and the Diocese, and by an unwary legislation to embarrass your established order." This part of the Bishop's address was referred to a committee only one of which, Judge Otis, is now alive, and this committee advised the Bishop to disregard the Act entirely and to proceed under the Corporation Sole Act. The Convention unanimously adopted the report and Bishop Whitehouse and Bishop McLaren have always acted accordingly. It was an open secret as to who had favored this legislation and it amused Bishop Whitehouse very much, as it did all of us, to notice that when that person became a bishop he had a precisely similar "Corporation Sole Act" passed for his diocese in the legislature of the state. The Bishop in his address paid a glowing tribute to the lately departed Bishop, Benjamin Onderdonk, of New York. That prelate was a martyr to Low Church party rancor, and his beautiful spirit in refusing to have recourse to the civil courts, where the best legal authority in the United States assured him he would be thoroughly acquitted, has never received the praise it so well deserved.⁶ The Civil War was then in its first year and the Bishop alluded to it most feelingly. He also mentioned an important step he had taken that year in recognizing the Swedish orders of the Reverend Jacob Bredberg and giving him a seat in Convention. Bishop Whitehouse gave the subject of Swedish orders much thought and was convinced of their validity. The point has, however, never been definitely settled, and I am ignorant as to whether any other bishop has recognized

⁶The Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, bishop of New York 1830-1861, was tried by his peers for "irregular conduct" and suspended. This sentence was never removed, and he lived in retirement from 1845 until his death in 1861.

priests ordained in Sweden or Norway. There were two other subjects on which the Bishop touched with one of which I thoroughly sympathized, and with the other not at all. To take the last first: nettled by the "Exhibits," (which certainly showed a great want of spiritual and temporal life in the Chicago parishes) the rectors published a circular giving the reason for that state of things. With all their exertions they declared that they could not get people to be confirmed by Bishop Whitehouse, nor would their flocks give to missionaries appointed by him. The Bishop rejoined with another circular, very sarcastic in tone, but in which he certainly made one telling point: "If I do nominate the missionaries", he said, "and what bishop is there who does not exercise that authority, the Board appoints them, and many of the signers of the circular are members of that Board." It was a pity that either of the circulars ever saw the light, for if ever a diocese was cursed with circulars, newspaper articles, pamphlets, etc., it was the poor Diocese of Illinois until the election of the present Bishop (McLaren). The whole Church seemed to consider our affairs its special business and I used to be heartily ashamed of our "bad eminence" in the Church world. The other subject was the annoyance caused to the Bishop and every good Churchman in the Diocese by the mean partisan organization in the Diocese called "The Pastoral Aid Society." Its object was to help Low Church parishes and when a parish was vacant to induce it to call a Low Church pastor by giving it great pecuniary assistance. I cannot express how great a thorn it was in the side of the Bishop and of all of us who professed sound Churchmanship, and we echoed most heartily the Bishop's words in his address when referring to this organization and its mother, The American Church Missionary Society (which now roars only like a sucking dove), he said: "Let us alone." I think I have said enough to show that the address was highly seasoned with salt, pepper and mustard. This year I, for the first time, was elected on the Standing Committee and commenced that intimate relation with Diocesan affairs which I have ever since maintained.

1 8 6 2.

The Convention met for the first time in 1862 in the "Bishop's Church". Many changes had been made in it since its purchase by the Bishop the year before, but it presented the same general features as at present, though the present beautiful altar was lacking, and there was no trace of decoration on the walls. We met amid all the sorrows and gloom of the Civil War and that saddened our hearts as well as our Diocesan divisions. The Bishop, in his inimitably graceful way, bade us welcome to our Diocesan home, and for my part I thanked God with him that he had been able to bring his darling idea to this position. I heard for the first time at the Church Club the other day, that the great reason of the opposition of the Chicago rectors to the Bishop's having a church of his own was from jealousy, and a fear that he would by his eloquence draw from their congregations. I consider such a notion absurd, and I say on honor, that never in any conferences of the clergy about the Bishop, - and they were "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa" - nor in private talks did I ever hear a hint of such a thing. Forty-four clergy were present at this Convention, the majority of whom are now dead (1893). The Trustees of the Diocese reported the following disgraceful state of affairs: the whole amount paid to the Bishop on account of salary for five years past was \$3,736, an average of \$747 a year. The deficiency due him was \$6,263. If the parishes had paid the assessments as in duty bound there would be a fund of \$6,000 disposable. On the last day of Convention resolutions concerning this were offered ordering the Trustees to notify each parish of the sum in which it was

delinquent, and urge it to settle either by a cash payment or by giving a note bearing interest. This plan really worked, and after many "labores et tot discrimina verum" the debt after some years got paid. The amount due from Grace Church was \$460, and never did I have so much trouble to collect so small a sum of money. My vestry, always obliging and liberal, were as hard as the nether mill stone about this, and I had to beg and entreat and waste much breath before they paid it. It is not necessary to say why. And now I come to a very curious incident: speaking in his address of Trinity Church, Chicago, the Bishop stated that he went there to confirm; that just before the offertory a number of people went out, then more went, until only fifty remained out of a crowded congregation. He was grieved but had not thought it intentional until the Rector told him it was intended to be so. A few months after that Trinity asked for another visitation; he laid the matter before the Standing Committee and that body advised him not to visit the church again until an apology was offered for the conduct of the congregation at the previous visitation. He communicated this resolution to the vestry of Trinity and they made an ample apology, concluding their letter thus: "Profoundly anxious to be reconciled with the Diocese, and especially with yourself as its talented and efficient head, we pledge to you for the future that consideration and respect which your unusually prominent position in the Church should uniformly receive."

It will be necessary to say much more than this to explain the extraordinary conduct of the congregation of Trinity, and we are very able to do this for there exists in the Bishop's handwriting a detailed account of the whole thing. The Bishop had the curious habit of immediately writing out all the words and deeds in any important matter and laying it away for future reference. I could tell some very funny incidents connected with this idiosyncrasy. After mentioning that he had preached, the Bishop says in this document: "After the sermon some persons in the gallery, perhaps fifty, rose and left. I confirmed the candidates and made an address. I then announced the object to which the offertory would be devoted and adverted to the request of the Convention that I would appropriate the visitation offertories to Diocesan Missions. I continued with a brief appeal." It is not necessary to give the whole of the address which the Bishop naively calls brief, a word very different in his idea from the one generally prevailing. These are the words on which the incident turns: "I told them of their faults, that for long years they had been delinquent in their duty and had left me unsupported in the great missionary claim. I then begged briefly and simply to put the past before them. I then read from a memorandum the amounts reported from that congregation in the ten years of my episcopate under the two heads of Diocesan Missions and the Support of the Episcopate as follows: Missions: 1851, '52, '53, '55, '56, nothing; 1854 eighty-seven dollars; 1857 eighty-two dollars and thirty cents; 1858 forty-nine dollars and sixty cents; 1859 ten dollars; 1860 and 1861 three dollars and ten cents. For Episcopal support: 1851, '55, '58, '59, '60 and '61, nothing; 1852 twenty-four dollars; 1853 twenty-eight dollars; 1854 nineteen dollars; 1856 thirty-five dollars; 1857 one hundred and twenty-one dollars." He continues: "As I turned to the Table for the plates, Dr. Pratt (the rector) came forward a few steps, apparently much excited, and said: 'Bishop, I must notice that statement; it is injurious to me and my congregation. You do not give us credit for the large sums we have raised.' I rapidly replied, 'I will do that with pleasure. I have the full amount, including the church edifice, in my memorandum; it is ninety thousand dollars.' 'That is not what I want', said Dr. Pratt, 'I wish you to state what was given for Pastoral Aid.' To this I replied, 'Of that I know nothing, the reports are not made to me.'

The persons in the front pews now began here and there to go out and gradually the motion was followed until the larger part of the congregation had left the church. In the vestry room after service Dr. Pratt adverted to the going out as a marked and intended act of displeasure on the part of the congregation in which he participated. He wrote letters all about signaling it as a marked insult to the Bishop." This is sufficient quotation from the Bishop's lengthy note.

Now of course the Bishop had a perfect right to say what he said and it was well deserved, but mark the immense want of tact in saying it at all. He knew that he was standing before a congregation that particularly disliked him. Trinity was Beers' parish church and he had a great deal of sympathy there. An ordinarily prudent man would have avoided any chance of offending such a congregation and would have given more taffy even than necessary. Instead of that he opens the sore of Diocesan Missions and his support and rubs salt into it. Is it a wonder that the parishioners were angered? There is, of course, no excuse for their going out but angry men do not always stop to consider. The rector was a foolish and dull old man and most rancorous in his Low Churchmanship, and he doubtless blew the flame, but I have always thought the Bishop's address most unwise. We outsiders knew very well that it was the general custom in Trinity for large numbers to go out before the sermon in order to avoid its stupidities, but that reason could not have applied to this going out. We all enjoyed the humble apology that the vestry and Dr. Pratt had to make for it all. It is needless to say that this affair was nuts for the Chicago papers which rang with it for weeks.

Before going on to the events of the next year this seems a good place to set forth the ritual and mode of saying the service which generally prevailed in this Diocese. I will exemplify it from the "use" of Grace Church which was a fair specimen of an ordinary High Church parish. The first thing I did when I went into the vestry to prepare for the service was to tie around my neck a curious thing called "Bands", i.e., two small strips of fine white linen sewed on a tape, probably a relic of the amice and now entirely obsolete. Then I put on a surplice reaching to my heels, very full, and with long baggy sleeves. My costume was completed by a long black scarf, also reaching nearly to my feet. Thus equipped I took my place at the reading desk, which in "Low" churches always faced the people, in "High" churches, the chancel wall. The choir was composed of "the four creatures" - in a little gallery over the door. The service went on without any possible separation of Morning Prayer, Litany and Ante Communion, and I am sure the whole congregation would have fainted if I had turned eastward for the Glorias or the Creed. After Morning Prayer we sang a psalm in metre, a hymn was never sung in that place, why, no human being can tell. The collection of psalms, and hymns was wretched beyond description, and was bound up always in the Prayer Book. After the Ante Communion I gave out a hymn and it was sung with long interludes between the verses while I hurried into the vestry, slipped off my surplice and clothed myself in an ample black satin gown, a very handsome vestment, by-the-bye. Such a thing as wearing in the pulpit the same vestment you wore in the chancel was looked upon as most shocking "Popery". Many parishes were rent asunder on that question and I was many years in Grace Church before I stopped making the foolish change. The offertory was brought up to me and placed silently on the altar, everybody sitting still. If there was to be a Celebration I hurried out again to the vestry while the non-communicants were leaving the church, slipped off my black gown, huddled on my surplice again,

and went back to the altar which had no cross, nor any other ornament, and only at Christmas and Easter a few flowers. I began in Chicago the daring innovation of standing in front of the altar instead of at the side, as was the usual custom. Many of my people thought it a novelty which disturbed their peace! The flagon was a large pewter vessel, looking like a great coffee pot, and it would have held half a gallon. The paten was a huge circular pewter dish. There was no early Celebration even on Easter and but rarely on saints' days, though on all days with an epistle and gospel there was a service and daily in Lent, but without addresses. The hymn before communion was always sung standing although I invariably knelt. No one followed my example until suddenly in 1869 the Grace Church communicants took to kneeling at this hymn. Such a thing as any color in the vestments or hangings was unthinkable. I remember some years after this when Canon Knowles appeared at Convention with a stole of black embroidered with red and the sarcastic and disparaging remarks Bishop Whitehouse made about it. I remember hearing Doctor (now Bishop) Huntington say in General Convention in 1868 that color was the root of that dreadful thing Ritualism. "Let us suppress color", he said, "and we will have done much toward killing it." I do not think that anything except the threat of suspension "a sacris" could have induced me to wear a red or even a white stole in the chancel of Grace Church at that time. The only places where this old time service and dress can now be seen are some old fashioned parishes in Virginia and in two or three places in Philadelphia or New York City, and even these have suffered from innovations.

1 8 6 3.

This year the Bishop extended to me the olive branch of peace and gladly did I seize it. It was very intolerable to me to be on such bad terms with my Bishop and I had thought seriously of leaving the Diocese, happy as my parochial relations were. It never pays in any way, o priest, to set yourself against your bishop! Even if you dislike him you will be wise to keep your dislike entirely to yourself. He is a "permanency" and you are not. The form the olive branch took was the invitation to preach the Convention sermon. No one of the "opposition" had for years received that honor. I do not remember one word about the sermon (which was probably not worth remembering) except the Bishop's great pleasure at some allusion I made to the stained glass windows in the Cathedral. I thought it judicious to administer that little dose of taffy. From this time until his death, with one short exception soon to be narrated, my relations with my Bishop were always very pleasant and even cordial. I never joked with him, of course, no one but Perry ever ventured on that, but he always received me warmly and was often at my house.

The year was not to pass without its sensation and that was the celebrated Hager case. That "congeries" of stupid, brilliant, foolish, blundering and absurd effects, commonly called the "Clerical Imbroglia", served to keep the Diocese very lively for some months. The case was this: The Reverend E. W. Hager, Rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, Chicago, exchanged one Sunday with the rector of Joliet. To state the case mildly from the Joliet standpoint the Reverend Mr. Hager seems to have conducted himself in the most

⁷Presumably, this reference is to the Rev. Henry Gideon Perry (1832-1899) one of the senior priests of the Diocese, and on the Cathedral staff at the time.

astounding manner during his short stay in that little city. No less than three ladies of the very first standing and of unimpeachable character were subjected to familiarities on his part, such as hand squeezing, waist encircling, familiar and doubtful words, in fine, conduct not certainly to be expected from a person in Holy Orders. I do not believe, nor did any outside of a very small circle believe, that there was anything more than these indecorums attempted by Hager, or that he had any real evil intention. He was just a silly and light minded fool, old enough to have known better! The ladies, all of whom were well known to me and for whom I had the very highest regard, told their Rector of these goings on. Now the Rector should have said to them (perhaps he did), "I am very sorry, we will never have the horrid man here again, but it will be better for us all not to say anything about this, gossip about it can do nobody any good." The Rector, however, had an intimate clerical friend, also well acquainted with the ladies, the Reverend Mr. * * *. He told him this pretty tale, and, as any one who knows the Reverend Mr. * * * would immediately conclude, that person lost no time in pouring the news into the Bishop's ears. The Reverend Mr. * * * had one of the most uncomfortable and morbid consciences in the world. A thoroughly pure and upright man himself he considered that the Lord had appointed him to do the dirty work of the Church and he did it conscientiously. Many of us remember the scorn with which Dr. DeKoven held him up to the Milwaukee Convention for making public a private letter which he had wormed out of DeKoven. He was a "tattletale" of the first water and his brother priests all knew it and governed themselves accordingly in his presence. He was a great favorite with the Bishop who was, as I have said, a poor judge of men, and was his chaplain at the newly formed Cathedral. I do not believe he had a particle of malice or hatred in his heart only an intense love for meddling and mischief-making based on conscientious motives. On hearing this tale from him the Bishop took no action, for, as he said himself, "similar complaints not infrequently arose from incidents in which no offense was intended." But the cleric was not content; he hied him down to Joliet and rooted and ferreted and came back to the Bishop with more news, and that he and the Joliet rector thought there ought to be a commission to enquire into the business. Hager, meanwhile, had been told what was up and he and his wardens were given copies of the testimony the ladies had given the two clerical worthies. Hager offered to write to the ladies utterly disclaiming any evil intentions and humbly begging pardon for anything he had done or said, confessing that he had been indiscreet.

Now it would occur to any sane person that the Bishop should have said, "Do this and the whole thing will be settled. Get yourself another parish as soon as you can and clear out." But no, egged on by the Rev. Mr. * * *, as we all thought, he concluded there ought to be a trial and lawyers should come in. Hager got a lawyer, a well known and vigorous one, and he advised that a commission of enquiry with which neither the cleric nor the Joliet rector should have anything to do, and which he would accompany, should go quietly down to Joliet and look up the whole thing. He was convinced (and he was right) that it would resolve itself into so small a case that no trial would be needed. Here again the Bishop could have taken good advice and saved himself and everybody else much trouble, but he declined to name such a commission as being "irregular." Up to this time the affair had been private and was known only to a very few people, but now a new element came in. Two relatives of the ladies, naturally enough, but certainly with very little wisdom, attacked Hager in his study and he had them arrested, so the whole thing came out in the papers! Oh, how they shrieked for joy over it! What laughter and ridicule echoed through the streets, and how the "opposition" (in which, remember, I

was no longer to be counted) saw here a new opportunity to prod their old enemy, the Bishop! They gave out the absurd opinion that the whole thing was a deliberate conspiracy to ruin Hager, got up by the Rev. Mr. * * * and the Joliet rector, (Gilbert) in which they insinuated the Bishop took part.

Of course nothing now remained possible for Hager or anybody else but a regular trial. The Bishop was urged by friends to change the Commission of Inquiry which he had raised; that it would never do to have The Rev. Mr. * * * and Gilbert on it, that the community would not stand it. He then removed Gilbert and offered his place to me. I promptly declined; it would have been impossible for me, feeling that every principle of honor demanded that The Rev. Mr. * * * should also retire from it, to have gone on that Commission with him. The Bishop was very angry with me and said openly that I was acting neither like a Christian nor a gentleman. I will leave the readers of this story to judge of that, I am sure they would have acted as I did. The Rev. Mr. * * * soon saw that public opinion was too strong to allow him to stay on and he resigned. The new Commission presented for trial and the trial began in Joliet, April sixth and continued until May fifteenth, 1863. I have not the space to tell here all the ridiculous and painful incidents of that curious trial, all Chicago rang with laughter over it. How I pitied the poor ladies, my friends, who, drawn on by one step after another, The Rev. Mr. * * * being their counselor, found themselves in such an unenviable publicity. Suffice it to say that Hager was unanimously acquitted, though I feel sure that if the specifications had confined themselves to acts of conduct unbecoming a priest and a gentleman he would not have gotten off so easily, but the specifications went to the greatest extremes, and there was no other course open to those highly respectable and impartial clergymen who tried the case than to acquit.

During the course of the trial Hager got out an injunction, a foolish move as he had no real grounds to sustain it. The Bishop submitted an argument to dissolve the injunction to the Superior Court and they did so. This argument is a masterpiece of learning and skill. I agree with Judge Arrington, the Bishop's counsel in the case, that "it was a beautiful production of art, so chastely classical in style, so rhythmical in its vibrations of thought, so masterly in the method of its logic, and so rich in the resources of its erudition." Copies of that argument are preserved in the archives of the Diocese and will, besides their value in any Church trial, give a very good idea of Bishop Whitehouse's wonderful versatility.

And so ended the famous "Clerical Imbroglio" which, whether fairly or not, certainly increased the unpopularity of the Bishop and added to the stench of this Diocese in the nostrils of the whole Church. Nearly all the prominent actors in this trial have long since gone to their great account.

In his address that year (1863) the Bishop spoke of the Cathedral music. He says: "A portion of it is antiphonal, including the Psalter, the suffrages in the Litany and in the Decalogue. A number of young men who sit together near the organ and lead have devoted their talent to this with heartiness and regularity." No surprised choir had appeared as yet. This year the famous Cummins became rector of Trinity Church. He was a very remarkable preacher and it was thought would soon empty my little tabernacle only four blocks from his fine church, but somehow or other he did not.

This year passed without any startling sensation for which we were devoutly thankful, for many of us were getting very nervous over the "bad eminence" we had attained for discord and trouble. Alas! the end was not yet. Let me here briefly sketch the status at that time of the Chicago churches. There were ten, all told. The Ascension had just gotten rid of one of the most acrid and disagreeable Low Churchmen I ever knew, Dr. Cooper. (He afterward became a Reformed Episcopalian and is, we hope, now in a Paradise not quite as narrow as he believed and preached.) It was a wooden and very ugly church, and arrangements had just been made to move it to the corner of LaSalle and Maple Streets. It had a pew rental of thirteen hundred dollars a year. The new rector, S. R. Jones, was a moderate High Churchman and moderately religious. The parish of the Atonement still kept up a form of existence though it had no church and no congregation, and its life was practically that of the Cathedral,⁸ called always then "The Bishop's Church." That had been greatly improved during the past year and a chapel had been built. It was quite prosperous, and a congregation of high social rank worshipped there, the neighborhood being occupied by the most respectable people. Christ Church, of which the soon to be too famous C. E. Cheney was rector, was a small wooden church, soon to be replaced by the present edifice.⁹ It had a large and rapidly increasing congregation. Grace Church was a hideous wooden building at the corner of Peck Court and Wabash Avenue. It had been greatly enlarged the past year and was very crowded. St. James occupied a fine new spacious stone church of nondescript architecture on the site of the present one. Dr. Clarkson, afterward Bishop of Nebraska, was the rector. It was by far the leading church of the city. There was quite a large and flourishing parish on Union Park called St. John's, in a long barn called a church. It has long ago vanished into thin air. St. Stephen's, a mission of Grace Church, worshipped in a small wooden church on DeKoven Street. It had for rector the Reverend Lyman N. Freeman. Trinity occupied a fine new church this year consecrated. It was on Jackson Street and was the sensational parish. Its rector, Dr. Cummins, was a sensational preacher, and it had a sensational quartette. It was very prosperous though the rector had to live in Evanston. His queer wife would not live in Chicago and there were very few things in the world she would do. She was a handsome and agreeable woman but the seven devils had not been cast out of her. The Church of The Holy Communion, now defunct, occupied a wooden building near where the Public Library now stands. It was languishing, and the Reverend E. W. Hager, whose thrilling adventures I have just related, was the rector. The Swedish Church of St. Ansgarius was of wood and had just emerged from a long and wearisome law suit which involved its very existence. It was prospering, and a priest in Swedish orders (Bredberg) was in Chicago. This was the whole catalogue of the Church in Chicago. There was a Church school at Lake View, then several miles from the city, called "Immanuel Hall," under the charge of the Reverend Roswell Park. There were flourishing parishes at Alton, Quincy, Springfield and Peoria, and tolerably good ones at Waukegan, Joliet, Jacksonville, and Ottawa. I do not think there were regular services at Evanston or anywhere above Lake View. There was a feeble organization at Hyde Park, (St. Paul's).

⁸The Cathedral of Ss. Peter & Paul was located on the corner of Washington and Peoria Streets.

⁹Christ Church (after 1873, Reformed Episcopal) located at 20th and Michigan, until 1920.

Jubilee College was just faintly breathing. The Bishop groaned over it, but its eyes were "sot". Dr. Fleetwood, Canon Knowles and the Reverend Colin C. Tate were candidates for orders at this time, and the Bishop, slapping at the Chicago churches, said that not one ever furnished a candidate for orders, but that his church had done so in the person of his son, Tridine Cope. Mr. Whitehouse, however, never took orders but turned his attention to Egyptology and is known in that capacity all over the world. This year I founded St. Luke's Hospital in a little wooden house on State Street near Harmon Court. It was then an entirely parochial work and but a child.

1864: THE FOUNDING OF A HOSPITAL

When I was a boy and was learning to write (I know some evil-minded person will say, "We did not know you ever studied writing"), I had for a copy once, the sentence, "Large oaks from little acorns grow." How often I have thought of that copy when entering the door of the present noble Hospital St. Luke. Certainly if anything ever started in a small way that did. Let me tell something about it. In 1864, I do not believe there was a city in the United States of the size of Chicago (for at that time it had nearly 200,000 people) worse supplied with hospitals. In fact, Chicago was a pretty crude place at that time in many ways. The Romanists had a small, but excellent, pay hospital, and the only other was the city free hospital, a small, dirty, ill-arranged place, devoid of all comfort.

One night I was coming home from visiting a patient there, with a bright memory of the water bugs crawling all over his bed and all around the room. It was borne in on my mind (I am not afraid to say, by the Spirit of God) that I ought to do something to remedy this state of things, that, as a priest of God, I ought to take more interest in God's sick children. I could not get the thought out of my mind, and a Sunday or two later I preached about it. I had a society in my parish that during the Civil War had been working for the sick soldiers in Camp Douglas, and had supplied their hospital with many comforts. Some of the women of that society, headed by my wife, were waiting for me after church and they said, "Why cannot we have a Church hospital? Will you take the lead in trying to start one?" Do you suppose I hesitated? Why, it seemed to me a direct answer to my sermon and to the whisper in my soul, and I said, "Of course I will. Let us make a start tomorrow." The next day, February 18, 1864, I held a meeting of the society mentioned, and we resolved to start a hospital, to be called St. Luke's. I was chosen president, and Dr. Walter Hay, a well-known Chicago physician, agreed to be the "medical staff." Very few now remain of that noble band of women. Nearly all have gone to their great reward; God rest their souls. They did not spend their time in "rising to a point of order," or "moving to adjourn," or "laying a motion on the table," as so many of their daughters and grand-daughters are doing now. They just worked as hard as they could to set the hospital going. Neither they nor I knew any more about running a hospital than so many lambs, but we were anxious to learn, and we soon learned by experience, that best of all teachers.

We began our work in a little story and a half house on State Street, near Eldridge Court, where we crowded in seven beds. We were not there many months before an opportunity presented itself for our enlargement. Three blocks south of us was a large, three-story, brick house, a noted house of bad character. Its owner and proprietor died and I officiated at her funeral.

The large parlors were filled with abandoned women. I spoke to them plainly and earnestly of the sinfulness of their lives. It was a curious scene. The woman's heirs sold the house, and the man who bought it, finding it hard to rent for any good purpose, was glad to rent it to me, at a cheap rate, for a hospital, so we moved in there and could now have eighteen beds. Up to this time, St. Luke's had been entirely a Grace Church affair. I had not gone outside the parish bounds for any support, and if I had I would not have got it, for nearly everybody threw cold water on my project. The Bishop was as cold as ice about it, and the Rector of S. James, then the leading parish in Chicago, said, "Oh, Locke, don't go into the hospital business. We tried it over in S. James and had to give it up. Nobody here cares for such things." I was young and very zealous and determined, and I resolved to persevere. I saw, however, that if the hospital was to succeed it must be separated from any parish interests and made general in its character. I therefore called a meeting of some well-known Churchmen and laid before them a plan for a general Church hospital. They listened good-naturedly, and agreed to be trustees, though I am sure they thought I had better be attending to my own parish. Chief Justice Fuller, then Mr. Melville Fuller and one of my parishioners, was a member of the State Legislature, and he kindly drew up a charter and got it passed, incorporating us and allowing us to hold property to the amount of \$100,000 without taxation. Our property now is about four times that, and long ago we were obliged to have a new charter. The Board of Trustees was composed of all the city Rectors (there were only fourteen then) and a layman from each parish. The Bishop now began to thaw and in his Convention address, September, 1865, he spoke tolerably well of our baby hospital. Other people now began to be interested in it. Good women from all the parishes lent a hand. There were trials and difficulties. Every now and then I meet one of the old trustees and he reminds me how I used to call the Board together and walk up and down the floor and say, "We must close it up. I cannot get one cent of money to pay the bills." Then they would hearten me up a little and I would agree to go on. We remained in the State street house until 1871. In order to show how utterly inadequate it was for any needs of a hospital, I will merely say that all the autopsies were performed on the dining room table, which, to say the least, was not appetizing. I do not believe we could have got on at all in that house if the Lord had not given us one of the very best matrons in the world, Sarah Miles. How wise she was, how economical, how she hated whisky and lies, and how far she could see through a stone wall! In October, 1881, Mr. John de Koven, a very warm friend of St. Luke's, told me of a large frame building on Indiana Avenue, (our present site) which was for sale. It had been begun for a workman's boarding house, but the builder had been unable to finish it. He urged me to buy it, and not only promised to give liberally, (\$2,000) but to help raise the money. The Trustees, on my recommendation, bought this building, and devoted friends, whose names I have not space to mention, helped us to fit it up. I found it impossible to do justice to the religious work, heavily burdened as I already was with my parish duties, and the Rev. Wm. Toll, now of Waukegan, became the first chaplain.

In 1881 the first steps were taken toward a permanent building. Mr. N. K. Fairbank bought for \$10,000 a hundred feet of ground adjoining the hospital and presented it to us, and he took a very active part in collecting the large amount of money necessary to build our present noble building. It was in 1885 that we moved into our new quarters. Bishop McLaren and a goodly company of priests came and blessed our chapel and our wards, and he kindly allowed me to celebrate for the first time in our lovely chapel. I did not propose in this

article to tell the splendid history of our progress, but simply the story of our founding, so I will stop here. No work that I did in my long ministry was as comforting and as inspiring as my work at S. Luke's.

1 8 6 5.

(Diocesan Narrative Continued)

Sensations again renewed! This year it was the Cracraft case. The Reverend I. W. Cracraft, a presbyter of the Diocese of Ohio, bought a farm near Galesburg, Illinois, and was residing there when the parish at Galesburg called him to be the rector. He accepted and officiated regularly. It will scarcely be believed when I say that all this was done without the slightest communication with the Bishop of Illinois. Cracraft had no Letters Dimissory and openly said he was not going to procure any, as he did not like Bishop Whitehouse! Of course he did not, for when he left Illinois some years before to go to Ohio, Bishop Whitehouse gave him only qualified letters on account of serious charges and rumors affecting his character. The vestry never notified the Bishop of the call, and nothing in the world could have been more irregular and uncanonical. Bishop Whitehouse stood this for some time. Soon, however, he received complaints from a number of prominent members of the Galesburg parish that Cracraft was not only preaching political sermons (which of course he had a right to do) but was couching them in such offensive language that many people could not possibly go to church. Cracraft was also constantly officiating in sectarian churches with their pastors and without the slightest use of the Prayer Book. For all this the Bishop very properly inhibited him from officiating in his diocese. Cracraft paid no attention to this and went on defiantly. He was then formally presented to the Ecclesiastical Authority of Ohio where he belonged, and he was there presented for trial. Before trial he confessed his offense and was admonished and then pronounced by the Bishop of Ohio as relieved from the complaints of Bishop Whitehouse and in regular standing in Ohio. Cracraft now presented Letters Dimissory but they were not clean letters. The Bishop of Ohio could not certify according to Canon that for three years last past Cracraft had not been "justly liable to evil report." Bishop Whitehouse naturally did not want Cracraft in his Diocese. The man was a bitter Low Church partisan, most blatant and defiant, and every way disagreeable. The Bishop, however, declined to receive him on the strictly canonical grounds that he was not satisfied of his innocence, and that he had not been acquitted on trial. What an outcry there was in the Chicago Tribune and in the Low Church papers! Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court of Illinois, a man whom I knew well, and whom I highly respected, made a perfect ass of himself by the silly letters he wrote and published in the Tribune against the Bishop's action. He insulted the Bishop right and left and gave utterance to the following balderdash: "No intelligent man can deny that the Episcopal Church is not in harmony with the broad Democracy of our people and institutions. It rests upon traditions which come from another land. It is modeled upon the spiritual hierarchy of a people with whom we as a nation have but little sympathy. How, then, can it become a favorite Church with the body of our people?" He harped on political preaching as if it were for that The Rev. Mr. Cracraft was inhibited, and not for defying canons! In spite of Bishop Whitehouse's refusal to take this lamb into his fold the parish of Galesburg continued to uphold Cracraft and he paraded there as rector in defiance of all law. The Bishop referred the matter to the Standing Committee of which I was then Secretary, and that Committee drew up a paper in

which they gave Judge Lawrence a good dressing down and advised the Bishop to bring the matter before the next Convention, and upheld him entirely in his course with Cracraft.

In compliance with this advice the matter was brought up on the first day of Convention and a resolution was passed "wholly dissolving the connection of Grace Church, Galesburg, with the Diocese of Illinois." This was adopted by thirty-seven ayes, seven noes of the clergy, twenty-two ayes, four noes, laity. Cheney opposed it bitterly, called it "indecent haste" (how absurd!) and shrieked over this tyranny. Judge Otis replied to him coolly: "Our head has been insulted, our laws have been outraged, our canons have been trampled on, and now is our time to stand by our Bishop," and we did. This prompt and decided action brought Grace Church, Galesburg, to its senses. The next year they made a humble apology and said they had gotten rid of Cracraft and so they were received back into Convention. The correspondence between the Bishops of Ohio and Illinois was of the spiciest character. If any one cares to read it it can be found in the Chicago Tribune of June 13, 1865. Let me say to conclude this matter that in March of the next year the Standing Committee in the absence of the Bishop gave notice to the Bishop of Ohio that Cracraft continued to violate our canons and that he ought to be presented. The Standing Committee of Ohio replied to us in May that in their opinion Cracraft had violated no canon of the Church and was not liable to presentment, and that they ignored our charge. This paper was accompanied by a letter from Bishop McIlvaine to our Standing Committee, so arrogant and insulting in its tone that as President of the Committee I advised its being returned without note or comment to the Bishop of Ohio, which was done. I disliked greatly to take such a course toward a bishop, but when such highly placed people forget themselves they must expect to suffer. The "tactical succession" does not always confer -- tact.

Before leaving the Cracraft affair I must recount a funny episode connected with it. When the Galesburg parish had been received back into the Diocese the Bishop immediately determined to go down there and make a visitation, and he invited John Harris Knowles (then a deacon) to accompany him. They arrived about dusk. The Bishop may not have expected a brass band, but he did expect some one to meet him. Not a soul was there and not a carriage! It seemed queer, and the Bishop looked at his memorandum book -- tableau! He was one week ahead of the time appointed! Crestfallen enough, and very anxious not to be seen, he crept into a corner of the station and sent Knowles to ask when the next train for Chicago would be along. "Not until the next morning!" No bed could be had at the station, which was simply a "lodge in a garden of cucumbers". Nothing remained then but a weary tramp in the dark up to the village hotel. The Bishop enjoined Knowles not to call him by his title and declared that he must be the Mercurius. So Knowles went up to the hotel clerk and asked for two rooms. The clerk replied, "I have one room with one bed if you will sleep together." Knowles' hair stood upright and the Bishop whispered to him in accents of horror, "Come away." Knowles cried, "Give the old man the room and I will take the sofa in the parlor." And so the Bishop went up to a frowsy little den and Knowles stretched himself on a scanty lounge in the room of state. Early in the morning they slunk away and got off without any one knowing it. Next week they were there, and the band and the carriage and the deputation were all at the station, and all went as merry as a marriage ball! The Bishop was delightful, as he always was, and not a soul ever knew of the tragedy that had happened a week before!

Two new parishes were organized in Chicago this year, one was St. Luke's, corner of Sixteenth Street and Wabash Avenue. It occupied a discarded Universalist chapel, and the Reverend Hiram Cole was the rector. It had no sufficient "raison d'etre" and, above all, had no money. It very soon came to grief and probably not a dozen people remember that it ever existed. The other parish was St. Mark's, a necessity in the rapidly developing "Cottage Grove" region, as it was called. The Reverend E. B. Tuttle founded it, and, if I am not much mistaken, built part of the present church which has been greatly enlarged. Evanston now appears for the first time in Convention. A little bit of a wooden church (St. Mark's) had been built and the Convention adjourned over one morning to go and see it either opened or consecrated, I forget which. Dr. Cummins, the Rector of Trinity, as I said before, lived in Evanston, and he invited the Convention to lunch. He gave us simply and solely -- watermelons! This was sweet, picturesque and cool, but scarcely satisfactory to a body of hungry men, and we returned to our Convention duties very cross and with resounding stomachs. We all now said "Cathedral" openly and without fear of man or devil, and the whole American Church followed rapidly in our footsteps. The Convention again advised the Bishop to stick to the original act of the Legislature about the Corporation Sole and to disregard any subsequent legislation as unconstitutional. The salaries of the missionaries were behind, two thousand dollars had been appropriated and only twelve hundred and sixty dollars collected. The Episcopal Fund was also terribly in arrears. The Convention, however, pledged over one thousand dollars toward these deficiencies. The Bishop spoke most feelingly in his address about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and we all signed a suitable minute about it which was entered on our proceedings. The statistics of the Diocese showed a slow but steady increase in numbers. We organized a Church Guild this year something like the present Church Club, and it opened rooms downtown called the "Guild Hall" where we held our Diocesan meetings, where the clergy met, and where a Church Book Store was kept. It was very good while it lasted, but it soon got into rows and died of inanition.¹⁰

Before closing the record of 1865 I must recall a curious little incident connected with it. On the 30th of November there was an ordination to the priesthood in the Cathedral and John Harris Knowles was one of the candidates, there being several. I was one of the clergy in the chancel assisting in the laying on of hands. The service went on as usual and all had been ordained except Knowles who was the last in the line. The Bishop and we priests laid our hands on his head and the Bishop pronounced the words and was turning away when, to our amazement, Knowles raised his head from the rail and catching the Bishop by the sleeve said, "You have left out the words 'Receive the Holy Ghost'." Bishop Whitehouse was not easily upset but he was then. He turned perfectly white and in a trembling voice said "Did I?" and he then repeated the ordaining words. It seems, though we had not noticed it, that the Bishop had mixed up the two forms given, using half of one and half of the other. Why he did it no one knows. Knowles always thought he was preoccupied by the thought of his going to Europe as he was to leave that night. He never alluded to the occurrence to Knowles or any one else. Knowles said it seemed to him as if eternity was opened before him and instantly he resolved to arrest the proceedings and be ordained right. One cannot blame him, but it required a good deal of courage in a young man to do it and a large mind in a Bishop to notice the public reproof.

¹⁰ie. "a weak state from or as if from lack of food and water."

Mr. Hiester¹¹ and I are the only clergymen now in the Diocese who were connected with it at that time, and of the eighty-three clerical members forty-four I know to be dead. That year the Bishop was absent in Europe. His usually robust health had given way under his great labors and he had been obliged to seek rest. The Convention was presided over by the senior presbyter, the Reverend Dr. Samuel Chase, and the Bishop wrote me a private letter, enclosing his address, which he asked me to read to the Convention. I took the greatest pleasure in doing so, for it was a short and charmingly written document and was much admired.

The Bishop was treated with great honor wherever he went in this extended tour. No man enjoyed such things more than he and no man could more perfectly grace any public function. Though a small man he had that air of supreme distinction which even in a great crowd always stamped him as a person of importance.

There were two important measures initiated at this Convention, Deaneries and the Board of Missions. Judge Otis introduced the following resolution: "Whereas it is apparent that there is a growing desire to introduce into the Church in the United States the ancient ecclesiastical office of Dean, therefore resolved, that the Bishop be respectfully requested to bring the subject before the next Convention of the Diocese, giving such information and making such recommendations upon the subject as he may think proper." This was adopted and we will hear from it later. Far more important was the change in the Board of Missions. This had hitherto been solely the Standing Committee, and, although I was for years its President, I say frankly it was about the most inefficient missionary agency I ever knew. This was natural, missionary business is not a proper function of a standing committee and it was looked upon as a side issue. The Committee weakly complained now and then of the scant contributions and that was all. The new canon adopted this year provided that the Board of Missions should consist of the Bishop as President, three clergy and three laymen. No missionary was to be appointed unless nominated by the Bishop. In the Bishop's absence the senior priest present was to preside, and the Board was to be annually elected by the Convention. This was a splendid move and it bore much fruit immediately as we will see in the next year's report. A resolution was also passed stating it to be the duty of the Diocese to provide a residence for the Bishop. A committee was appointed on this, but before the egg here laid should be hatched there would be much cackling and very much vexation of spirit! The ugly words spoken about it would fill a large measure. We also congratulated the absent Bishop on the successful establishment of the first real Cathedral in the United States. This fact is often forgotten in the discussion of American cathedrals, but we in Illinois must not let it be forgotten. It ought to be a great pride to us. A good deal was said also at this time about Sunday schools. We had organized a "Sunday School Union of the P.E. Church in the City of Chicago" and we were quite aroused on the subject and held some lively meetings, but it was all a flash in the pan and very soon no more was heard of it. History seems on this point to be now repeating itself. The missionaries were only paid eighty-five percent of their salaries this year, the contributions being only \$1,734.00.

¹¹The Rev. Henry T. Hiester (1819-1906), Rector of St. Andrew's Farm Ridge for forty-five years (1858-1903).

We had the cutthroat rule that the payments were conditioned on the receipts, so that a poor fellow with a stipend of two hundred dollars perhaps only received one hundred if the parishes were niggardly. How could we prosper under such a banner of meanness? The debt to the Bishop was being gradually paid, though his salary was usually in arrears. I bought this year an old wooden church and had it moved about a mile on rollers for the use of St. Stephen's Church, and they now felt they had a home. The Reverend Albert Snyder was the Rector. Dr. Cummins this year resigned Trinity, having been elected Coadjutor of Kentucky. A number of the clergy went with him to Louisville to his consecration, and I took part in that service, but I did not act on the hint he gave me to engineer the presenting him with something (I forget what) by the Chicago clergy. Cummins was an agreeable but illy balanced man, a preacher "et positurae nihil." This year I entertained the whole Convention at my house, and that courtesy in those days was several times extended. It was possible then when our sessions always extended over three days. Now when our business is generally done with perfect satisfaction in two days, and when the Woman's Auxiliary comes in, there is no time for general hospitalities. In 1866 there were ninety clergy in the Diocese of Illinois; there are at this date (1898) eighty-seven in the Diocese of Chicago alone.

1 8 6 7.

When the Bishop returned from his brilliant and interesting European tour there occurred an incident which will deserve notice for it marks the complete transformation in the relations between the Bishop and the Chicago clergy. On the 19th of March, 1867, Trinity Church (on Jackson Street) was crowded to the doors with a congregation of representative Churchmen of Chicago and vicinity, met here to welcome back the Bishop. There was a long procession of surpliced clergy singing "Exaudite te Dominus" preceding the Bishop who wore his Oxford Doctor's hood, lately conferred on him in England, and a much rarer honor than now. After the service warm congratulatory resolutions were read which had been previously adopted in a large meeting of the clergy and laity. I had been chosen by my brother priests to voice their welcome and I now performed the duty with all the powers I could muster, for I felt that this was the hour to show the world that the ugly quarrels between the head and the members were over. I closed my fervid address (fervid because I felt every word I uttered) with these words: "There have been clouds at times 'lowering upon our house', let them be now literally 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried'. To-night we have rallied around you to show our respect for your high office, our gratitude to God for your safe return, our sympathy in all your recent honors, and our desire to labor with you for the good of souls. Welcome then, I say, to your Cathedral city. We cannot within these sacred walls throw up our caps in a shout of welcoming. Let, then, these few words speak for us all and greet you from your rejoicing Diocese, welcome home." Judge Otis (how greatly I have missed him of late years from the councils of the Church) then spoke in dignified and touching words for the laity, and when he had concluded the Bishop rose to respond. I never saw him so moved. His face, usually cold and expressionless, glowed with emotion, and never did he express himself more feelingly or more gracefully. I will only quote the following words of his response, just to show how deeply he felt the attention and the importance he attached to it: "No moment of my life", he said, "and I may almost say, no moment of any man's life, could be more fraught with interest than that on which I now stand. It would be the dictate, earnest and true, of my heart, instead of attempting to lift my voice in any expression of emotion far too

deep for me to utter, to fall down upon my knees before God and in silent adoration thank Him for this hour of His mercy and His grace." At the close he said: "This honor not only cheers me in the uncertainty of the remnant of my days, but makes me feel that when my own career is done and when another man comes, more worthy and stronger to fill my place (for bishops never die), I know that the brave strong hearts and liberal hands of this noble body of Churchmen will aid my successor to develop and extend the Kingdom of God." (How truly that prophecy has been realized.) This function was beyond a doubt the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the Diocese of Illinois. There were great trials indeed before him and us in the Cheney trouble, but in them the Bishop would have the support of the great majority of his clergy; he would not, as before, stand almost alone. I wish I could say that the feeling of peace and reconciliation extended as deeply among the laity as the clergy.

The Bishop this year summoned a special Convention one month earlier than the usual time, so we met on the 21st of August. The reason for this was the Bishop's desire to attend the first Lambeth Conference which was to meet at Lambeth on the 24th of the following September. The Standing Committee stated in its report that it had declined to sign Bishop Whittle's¹² testimonials, but I do not remember now what was our ground for such action. The report of the Board of Missions was the great sensation of the Convention. That new broom had swept quite clean. The Board had fixed on five thousand dollars as the minimum sum to be raised in the year for Diocesan Missions and they had actually got six thousand pledged and most of it paid in. This was a wonderful advance on the one and two thousand dollars which we had been in the habit of giving. This gratifying result had been made possible by the willingness of the clergy to carry out the resolution passed in the preceding Convention asking them to give one Sunday in each quarter for missionary work at such point as the Bishop might request. On this the Board founded a series of meetings called Conventions, for want of a better word, itinerating through the Diocese, each meeting to be attended by a member of the Board and at least one other clergyman or layman. These meetings ordinarily commenced on Friday evening with another service Saturday evening and then one on Sunday morning, also bearing on missions. Twenty of these Conventions had been held in various parts of the Diocese with the above stated results. The Board pleaded that the system might be continued. This report highly elated the Bishop who, although absent most of the year, fully believed that "qui facit per alios facit per se." A committee had been appointed at the last Convention to look into the matter of services for colored people in Chicago. They reported that no such services were required! Highly complimentary resolutions about the Bishop were passed. He was urged to go to Lambeth and one thousand dollars were appropriated for his traveling expenses thither. We were much more interested in Lambeth than we are now, probably because our head was perfectly absorbed in it. The statistics of the Diocese showed that the confirmations as well as the contributions were slowly creeping up. Trinity Church had started a mission this year. I do not remember where, and it was nothing permanent. The Bishop in his address touched on (and in touching adorned) a large number of subjects. First, the approaching Lambeth Conference where he was to preach the opening sermon. He then congratulated us, as well he might, on the harmony and good feeling in the Diocese and said: "The dreary time of isolated and selfish congregationalism seems past." He then spoke at length of the Cathedral and said of the choir: "These choristers will be put into surplices as soon

¹²Francis M. Whittle became co-adjutor bishop of Virginia (1868).

as stalls can be prepared and a larger robing room built. Beyond these simplest characteristics of Cathedral worship nothing is added to vestment, form or usage." He then gave an exhaustive treatise on Rural Deans, why, I do not know, for certainly the Deans and Deaneries he established were as unlike the English ones as oil is unlike water. He suggested four Deaneries, to be named Chicago, Ottawa, Peoria and Springfield. Would that at least one of these names could have been adopted, for then I would not be loaded with the funny title of Dean of the N.E. Deanery, which always raised a smile in England! This part of his address was referred to a committee and they reported a resolution asking the Bishop to carry out the system as he proposed. As I remember the debate and the fear and trembling which the prospect of those redoubtable creatures, the Deans, awoke in certain members of the Convention, I smile. One dear brother said with striking relevancy, that before there were Deans the Gospel was a power, and that proved that the Decanal system was not absolutely necessary to the progress of the Church. Another artless one said they would be likely to obstruct the growth of the Church. He doubtless now knows in Paradise that our Deans at least have neither greatly hindered nor advanced the Church's progress! One thing as Dean I have done (and I am very proud of it) I have secured a co-operation and a goodfellowship among the clergy of Chicago not equalled in any other of our great cities. The Bishop then made some very pointed remarks on the religious and moral qualifications of vestrymen. The state of things in many of the parishes was shameful; unbaptized and utterly irreligious, even infidel persons, were chosen as vestrymen on account of their social standing. An infidel delegate was sitting in that very Convention. I am sure that our revised laws have much remedied this state of things as well as our system of missions before parishes.

He then expressed his entire disapproval of Maundy Thursday evening communions, then quite common in the Diocese. Then came a full half hour treatise on Marriage and Divorce which might be printed now with profit, and then came a long dissertation on the Holy Eastern and the Scandinavian Churches. He gave England a long and flattering notice, and after that a retrospect of all his diocesan work. He ended at last by saying there were several more topics he was reluctantly obliged to leave untouched. For that mercy we were thankful, for we were perfectly exhausted in mind and body, though the whole address was wonderfully interesting and well written. If I remember aright, we had it in two parts, one before and one after lunch!

1 8 6 8.

The Convention this year sat four days which was unusual, but there were many long and interesting reports, and the Address filled eighty pages of the Journal, so its length may be guessed at. Three entirely new Chicago parishes came forward for admission, Calvary, Epiphany and Our Savior. One other, the Atonement, (now St. Andrew's) appeared under a new form. It had been dormant in the Cathedral which, as I said before, had purchased its church building. It now emerged from that hiding place under the Reverend S. R. Jones, a dissident dissenting chapel had been purchased, and services began. They had not more than gotten well started when the whole thing took fire and burned to the ground. The people, however, immediately set to work on a new church, and this year witnessed its occupancy. Calvary occupied a place more easterly than it now does. Epiphany was meeting in a Presbyterian church on Throop Street near Adams, but they were building a church fronting on Jefferson Park. Dr. Sweet, the present (1898) rector of Rock Island, was the rector. Our

Savior had no church as yet, was very feeble, and was likely to remain so until it changed its rector. Dr. Rylance was the rector of St. James' and the present Bishop Sullivan the rector of Trinity. From all over the Diocese came reports of prosperity and cheer. It was really the most joyful Convention I had ever attended. St. Luke's Hospital was occupying a three-story brick building on State Street. It had once been a noted house of ill fame and was very illy adapted for hospital work. Grace Church was still bearing the greater part of its expenses.

The report of the Board of Missions showed what could be done by energy, zeal and co-operation on the part of the clergy. Fifty Conventions had been held during the year and nearly ten thousand dollars had been collected. A colporteur of Church books had been employed in what is now the Diocese of Quincy, but he had not accomplished much. The Board called the attention of the Convention to the southern part of the Diocese, now the Diocese of Springfield. In 1855 there were nine parishes and now in 1868 there were only nine and only two more clergy than in '55, although the population had increased threefold. How could things be otherwise in the enormous Diocese? The Bishop, a man nearly seventy, though indefatigable, could not possibly attend to it, and the dearth and inactivity continued until the division of the Diocese, nine years later. We talked a great deal in Convention about Sunday schools, much more than we do now. Jubilee College had revived a little and had about forty pupils. Hitherto we had always voted every year for deputies to the General Convention. It was a very unnecessary expenditure of time as that Convention met only once in three years, and it aroused much feeling in gentle bosoms aspiring to that place. Henceforth we were only to go into that election at the Convention preceding the General Convention. That body was to meet this year and I was elected a delegate for the first time, an honor shown me for thirty years.

St. Mary's, Knoxville, now looms up, and the Bishop spoke most warmly of it. The young priest¹³ at its head, (and at whose ordination I had assisted) has grown now into a rather elderly man who can look back with pride on the Institution he has so successfully managed.

We were all very full of the Lambeth Conference; the Bishop not only spoke about it at length in his Convention address but he gave "Talks" about it all over the Diocese, and was delighted to be asked to do so, for there was no subject that interested him so much. Very vivid and very interesting all these "Talks" were, and I never ceased to be astonished at his wonderful facility and finish of style. The "Bonded Debt" was by no means paid yet but my own parish and some others who had paid their quotas, now received receipts exonerating us from any further connection with it. The old Committee on the Bishop's Residence having done nothing at all (how could it get blood out of turnips?) was now dropped and a new one appointed, and everybody was summoned to assist it. We will see whether it would do any better. As usual we passed resolutions about the Provincial System and much good may during this century come out of them. A prominent member of the Convention tried to get us to endorse his fad

¹³The Rev. Charles Wesley Leffingwell, founder of St. Mary's School for Girls, Knoxville, Illinois. Also edited the diocesan paper, and was one of the three founders of The Living Church Magazine. He spent his entire ministry at St. Mary's.

about the Nicene Creed, but he failed. There was one funny scene in the Convention which I well remember. The Journal of the year before had come out with the simple title "Journal of the Diocese of Illinois", and I am sure all who have one will wonder how any objection could possibly have been made to it, but they are not acquainted with the Reverend C. E. Cheney. He scented Romanism in this new title and he moved that the Secretary be directed to insert the words, "Protestant Episcopal Church" after the words "Journal of". Oh, how he shrieked and stormed over it, and how the little band that pinned itself to his coat tails, among whom was the present Chief Justice of the United States,¹⁴ also shrieked in concert, but the laughing Convention, thinking it a tempest in a teapot, laid his motion on the table and not yet have we gone to Rome. We had two colporteurs and one itinerant, and contributions had now risen from \$81,000 in 1866 to \$96,000, and confirmations from 484 in 1866 to 813.

In his address the Bishop spoke of his receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge University, England, in company with some other American bishops, and that the under graduates in the gallery as they went up to take it gave three cheers for "The Red Men of the Prairies." He spoke then of ritualism, which though a very dove in comparison with the vulture it now is, was a question agitating very gently the whole Church. "I may be bewildered and anxious", he said, "as to where it shall all tend. I must be slow and obstructive in admitting its changes; I am consciously infirm in capacity to discriminate the evil from the good, but one thing is certain, this movement is to enter permanently into our Church's life struggle and discipline." His prophecy has been fully realized. He gave the boundaries of some Deaneries and named the Deans. These Deaneries became very much muddled in a year or two and there was great confusion about them in the dividing of the Diocese, which lasted until the present Bishop reorganized them in the second year of his consecration. He asked that two thousand dollars might be appropriated under his sole direction for the Cathedral missionary work, but he did not get it. He said that he had ventured to authorize lay readers to wear a surplice, and you of modern days cannot imagine what a daring innovation that was, but he had Lambeth to back him. He "damned with faint praise" the great exertions of the Missionary Board saying (Heaven save the remark) that he considered them "spasmodic." The effects of his "damn" will soon be seen in the coming years.

In this address the Bishop made use of the following words in speaking of the unity of Christendom: "In the regeneration of Holy Baptism, in the spiritual and ineffable presence of our Lord in the Eucharist with the mysterious nutriment through his body and blood, as well as in the definition of the sacraments formally, there is virtual concurrence in the accepted standards of the historic Churches, Eastern, Western and Anglican." Now no one in our Church would think this a very extraordinary statement. It is that generally held in our Communion, and nothing more than would be heard in the vast majority of parish churches. But again you are counting without our Brother Cheney. He and four other spirits more Protestant than himself saw in these simple words "great peril to the purity of the Faith and worship of the church", and were convinced "that a scheme existed to undermine the Scriptural foundations of the Church." They issued a solemn "Protest" which they induced several to sign, one of them very young then and now one of the best and noblest of our Churchmen, I am sure had no idea what he was signing. Then they sent this "Protest" broadcast over the land and got about thirty names of clergy who sympathized

¹⁴Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of U.S. Supreme Court 1888-1910.

with it to join in calling a meeting in Chicago in June, 1869, to groan together over these dreadful doctrines and see whether some way could not be found to put them down. Many of the signers of this paper formed the backbone of the Reformed Episcopal Church when it was made out of dust. The letters which these kicking clergymen wrote about the coming meeting were considered valuable enough to publish by the six protesting Chicago clergymen. They are rich reading. I give you one of the choicest and most odoriferous flowers in the bouquet: "Protest? Yes, every time and a thousand times if necessary. What else can we do? How can we hold up our hands with a church that admits everything and believes everything and leans to everything that is Popish, and hates nothing so much as the simple truths dear to the children of God, without a protest? If Papacy is all right, let us say so. Let us rush into the chambers of imagery. Let us put Dix¹⁵ in the van and Whitehouse and DeKoven¹⁶ as candlebearers and go on, each of us with copy and chausable (sic) and gemical and wafer turned by the priest of Kerry into the whole body, soul and divinity of Christ. Meet in June? Of course and keep on meeting, and let our last and only words be of loyalty to our own dear Protestant Church, Protestant once and always against the world, the flesh and the devil." (I have often wished that I knew what a "gemical" was. I feel sure it was a terrible thing, but it seems shrouded in mystery.) This meeting of the protestors took place in Chicago, June 16, 17, 18 and 19, and was about equivalent to the meeting of the three tailors of Tooley Street. It fell absolutely flat. Bishop Whitehouse, much to my surprise, noticed this "Protest" in his next year's address and gave a long dissertation on the doctrinal points. It seemed most unnecessary and to be killing a butterfly with a sledge hammer.

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This was the thirty-second Convention: the sermon was preached by the present Bishop of Arkansas, then Dr. Pierce, rector of St. Paul's, Springfield. It was a memorable year in the history of our Diocese for in it commenced the celebrated Cheney Case which had such far-reaching consequences. How little did any of us think as we listened to the report of the initial steps that out of it a schism was to spring!¹⁷ Before entering on that subject let me notice two or three points of interest. On the sixth of February the Standing Committee, of which I was a member, was called together by the Bishop and the following matter was laid before it: the Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, the too famous Cummins, had been advertised to preach in Chicago and elsewhere in the Diocese of Illinois in behalf of a partisan "Low Church" Missionary Society, whose avowed object was to propagate "Low Church" views and to place a rector of that stripe wherever it was possible to place him. Bishop Whitehouse, most properly, objected to that sort of Propaganda in his Diocese, and the great majority of the clergy agreed with him. We had our own Missionary Society and we had the General Missionary Society, neither of which favored any particular shade of Churchmanship, and we thought that enough. Bishop Whitehouse wrote to Bishop Cummins that he objected to his coming to Chicago

¹⁵The Rev. Morgan Dix (1827-1908), Rector of Trinity Church, New York (1862-1907)

¹⁶The Rev. James DeKoven (1831-1879), Warden of Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin (1859-1879)

¹⁷The formation of the Reformed Episcopal Church, led by Cummins, Cheney, et al, in 1873.

in behalf of that Society, though in any other capacity he would be happy to see him. He now asked the Standing Committee whether he had done right in thus writing. We unanimously resolved: "That we enter our protest against such visit, and trust with our Bishop that Bishop Cummins will not persist in a course which, under the circumstances, in our opinion will infallibly lead to the disquietude and injury of the Diocese." This very frank expression of opinion kept the meddling Cummins at home, but the Bishop and the Committee were soundly abused by the Chicago press for their tyranny and bigotry!

This year the Committee on the Episcopal Residence reported, and a nasty report it was, full of digs and innuendoes. It stated that in all the large parishes of Chicago there was perfect apathy on the subject of the Episcopal Residence. Everywhere the answers to the appeal were hopeless. They had to say with shame that it was a melancholy failure, and that the Diocese practically denied to its chief pastor the simple comforts deemed due to the humblest priest. The Committee asked to be discharged and then commenced an ugly discussion. I shall never forget the fine scorn and the gleaming eyes of the Bishop when he rose and said: "They need not trouble themselves." He had bought a home for himself and would not be able to avail himself of the efforts of any committee, but he hoped his successor might do so.

A Church Building Society was projected and much talked about. It etherealized. The Bishop's salary was raised to four thousand dollars and it now generally got paid. The effect of the Bishop's "damning with faint praise" the efforts of the Missionary Board was now seen in its report. The receipts had sunk from near ten thousand dollars to four thousand. The Convention passed the very drastic measure of excluding from representation any parishes delinquent in payment of their share of the Bonded Debt, until they had paid up. We did hope to get that ghost laid for it had walked too long. There were no new parishes reported this year, but all seemed to be in good condition and the Diocese was making fair progress. The rector of Trinity on Jackson Street near Michigan Avenue, said that his parish would soon have to move south, and he urged all the Churchmen in the city to combine and purchase Trinity for a "free church." It would have been a wise thing to have done for we should now have that much needed adjunct, a down town church.

The Bishop had a great deal to say about "Ritualism" in his address and confessed himself, as many a bishop has since done, helpless to manage and control it. He spoke of a Mission of All Saints founded by the Cathedral clergy, and which afterward became All Saints' parish, living and dying under our Brother Perry.¹⁸ He spoke of a Church school on the North Side, of which I have a faint recollection, as having been carried on for awhile by Canon Street. The Bishop also spoke of moving the just gasping Jubilee College to Washington Heights, and said that one hundred acres of land and twenty-five thousand dollars had been offered him there with ten acres for his own private use. Nothing came of this, though I forget why, and, if I am not mistaken, the land with some money was afterward given to the Reformed Episcopalians for a seminary. He concluded his address with these significant words: "I have enjoyed adequate assurance that the unworthy efforts of a few restless men in the Church, and the fierce impeachment of my motives and reputation in some public acts, had failed to affect seriously the attachment and loyalty of the clergy and people."

¹⁸The Rev. Henry Gideon Perry, referred to earlier.

And now I come to the Cheney Case. How I hate it and everything connected with it! I shall confine myself entirely to its connection with the Diocese of Illinois and steer clear of any such thing as a history of the birth of the Reformed Episcopal Church. In the winter and spring of the year 1869 it began to be known among the Churchmen of Chicago that the Reverend Charles E. Cheney, rector of Christ Church, no longer used, in baptizing infants, those phrases and words where the regeneration of the child is spoken of, but purposely omitted them, saying that he did not believe in Baptismal Regeneration and would not countenance words implying it. It will be remembered that a long and bitter controversy on the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration had been raging in the Church of England and though it was dying out there it still flamed in this country, and the denial of that doctrine was the watchword of the "Low Church" party. The issue is a dead one now and apart from it you may wonder that any particular notice should have been taken of, or any great attention aroused by, a priest leaving out a few words in a service. We have grown so accustomed to leaving out and putting in in the service of the Church that a service where neither Bishop, priest nor deacon leaves out anything and puts in nothing is rare indeed. There are priests in dioceses, we well know, who leave out every Sunday things quite as important as Cheney left out, and no one minds it. It was not so in 1869. We did not leave out or put in, to any appreciable extent, and to most of us then it seemed a very serious offense. This action of Cheney's soon got into the secular papers and reporters called on Cheney to ask about it. He glorified in it and intimated that no matter what came of it he was going to continue it and (so the papers said) defy the whole bench of bishops to stop him.

This, of course, came to the Bishop's ears and he resolved to take notice of it. Why did he, you ask, why did he not play he did not know it, as the wise bishops of today do? He has been much blamed for taking notice of it, for, of course, "taking notice" involved a trial. The learned and gifted Dr. John Fulton puts on him the whole "onus" of the Reformed schism, and not only implies, but says, that if the Bishop had let Cheney alone that meek and innocent lamb would still be in the fold of the Church, and we would still have the benefit of his (vide Dr. Patton) wonderful powers. Now I, who was perfectly conversant with the whole thing and lived in the midst of it, cannot at all agree with Dr. Fulton. As far as the schism counts it was one of the greatest blessings that ever befell our Church, and cleared our atmosphere to an extent I can scarcely even now credit. It removed from us a lot of cranks and fanatics and soreheads whom we could well spare and who hung on our chariot wheels so that they drew heavily. In regard to the particular man, Cheney, whom, in passing let me say I always liked, and with whom I am still on terms of friendship, he was ever a fractious and discontented priest. He was always "agin the government." He wielded no great power and exerted no great influence in the Diocese and he considered its Bishop and its policy as rank "Popery." I do not say that if I had been a bishop I would have noticed so little a man as Cheney, but I really cannot blame Bishop Whitehouse for thinking differently. The Bishop talked with me several times about it "ex post facto" and always said that he was absolutely forced to notice it, that dissenting ministers taunted him to his very face as not daring to touch Cheney; that there was such a publicity given to Cheney's action, and such a defiant attitude on Cheney's part, that unless he sacrificed self respect he could not let it pass. Knowing Cheney as I did then, earnest, impulsive, hot headed and fiercely Protestant, I think he would have gone out with Cummins if there had been no "Cheney Case" at all, and knowing Cheney as I do now, just as earnest, but older and wiser, I think he would give more than his little finger if he had not done it. I was grieved to the heart when he was deposed but I blamed no one but himself.

The impression seems to prevail among many that Bishop Whitehouse acted in a very summary manner in this business. Nothing could be further from the truth. We have the most complete account of exactly what he did and I will give it to you as nearly as I can in the Bishop's own words, for I compiled it from his sworn statement. "Having been credibly informed", he says under oath, "that the Reverend C. E. Cheney had in substance stated that he could not conscientiously use the office in the Book of Common Prayer for the administration of infant baptism, and that, in consequence, at divers times he habitually had altered by omission, or otherwise, that service, omitting the word "regeneration" occurring in the said service, and that he assumed the right and privilege of thus altering the prescribed form of this sacrament, I called upon the Reverend Mr. Cheney on Monday, May 31st, and had a full conversation on the whole subject. In this conversation Mr. Cheney declared to me that the statement made to me which I reported in substance was the fact so far as it related to his acts, feelings and purposes, and that he could not conscientiously use the office for the public baptism of infants as set forth in the Prayer Book; that he habitually made changes in it to adapt it to his own conscientious scruples and the apprehended injurious constructions of said service by his congregation, and that he omitted the words 'regenerate' and 'regeneration' wherever they occurred, and should continue to do so."

"During a protracted interview I made full effort, according to my ability, by explanation, argument and appeal, to remove his scruples and induce him to conform in the future to the worship of the Church and the administration of the sacraments, to which he had solemnly promised conformity. I set forth to him as a godly admonition in my relations to him as a bishop his bounden duty of obedience to authority, and warned him of the painful consequences of discipline which must follow, but Mr. Cheney continued steadily in the same position, that he could not and would not use the service in question as prescribed." In this statement the Bishop does not mention what I know from his own lips, that he even offered to let Cheney stop after saying "regenerate" in the service and explain exactly what he meant, or did not mean by it. I think the Bishop exceeded his authority in offering this concession. We also know from what Cheney told others that the Bishop's manner was most kind and conciliating and fatherly. Before leaving Mr. Cheney the Bishop begged him to take a week deliberately to consider the matter and he agreed to do so. At the expiration of that time the Bishop had a note from him in which he said that he could not change his conclusions in any way.

Nothing now remained for the Bishop to do but to appoint a Commission of Enquiry, which he did on the 12th of June, 1869. It consisted of Reverend Dr. Cushman, Reverend R. F. Sweet and Honorable L. B. Otis. They entered at once on their task, found, of course, the reports true, and presented Cheney for trial. It is needless to say that the exact legal forms were followed, and, as the Canon prescribed, a list of eight presbyters was sent the accused from which to choose five. He made no choice, and, as the Canon provides, the Standing Committee chose for him, selecting the Reverends Thomas Benedict, John Benson, Samuel Chase, Henry Pierce and A. W. Snyder. The court convened in the Cathedral Chapel, July 21st. The present Chief Justice of the United States, M. W. Fuller, and Mr. W. Thompson appeared as Mr. Cheney's proctors, and the Honorable L. B. Otis appeared for the Diocese. With him the Honorable S. C. Judd soon became associated. Mr. Cheney was present. Of course it is not my purpose to give any verbatim report of the trial, only its salient points. The Cheney side immediately commenced to impede progress by injecting technicalities. They objected to the whole list of eight not being present so that they

might be examined by them with a view to challenging any one they did not fancy. They declared that the specifications did not state time and place where Cheney left out the words. They objected that the Bishop's statement of being "credibly informed" was not sufficient ground for the Commission of Enquiry to act upon, that the Canon gave only three grounds for their action: 1. Public Rumor; 2. Information by a majority of the vestry of the accused; 3. Information laid by three presbyters. They objected to the Reverend A. W. Snyder sitting on the court because he had expressed an opinion that the accused was guilty of the charges made, and they objected that the legal thirty days after citation and before trial had not been observed. All these objections were overruled by the court, the Reverend Dr. Chase being President. The court decided that there existed no right to challenge, only to select from a list; that a bishop had a right on any reliable information to institute an enquiry; that since Cheney had admitted publicly that he habitually omitted, time and place were not absolutely necessary to perfect a specification. The Reverend A. W. Snyder rose in his place and flatly denied ever having expressed an opinion concerning the guilt of the accused. In all these points the Court was sustained by an overwhelming majority of the Diocesan Convention meeting in September of that year while the trial was going on. The defense then put in a formal protest embodying all these objections.

On the second day of the trial while the technicalities were being argued, Mr. Fuller appeared in court and announced that he had procured an injunction on the proceedings from a Civil Court, and on his heels came the sheriff and served the injunction, the Cheney women, who nearly filled the Chapel, loudly applauding. The injunction stated that the Court was combining and confederating with others to injure the complainant, and that it was acting contrary to equity, etc., using the customary legal verbiage. Of course this immediately shut up the court. The majority of Churchmen thought these technical objections most trivial. We could not help contrasting Cheney's conduct with that of the Reverend Colin Tate, lately tried in Ohio, who declined to take advantage of any technicality but insisted on his case being tried on its merits. It seemed so pettifoggish, too, as when Cheney admitted his action and all the world knew it, to be dodging its issue with quibbles, and Cheney would have stood far better with the Church at large if he had said, "Yes, I am guilty; try me for it." One of the secular papers said very pointedly, "With what justice or decency can Cheney persist in a course of disobedience to the Church and violation of his ordination vows, after going into the civil courts to discipline his Bishop not for violating the canon, but for neglecting to preserve its technical letter."

The case was ably argued in the Superior Court before Judge John E. Jameson. His opinion sustained the injunction. It was a very outrageous document in its insults to the Bishop and the Church. A single passage will show this: "There is not a civil tribunal in the land, not a case in the country since the time of Scroggs and Jefferies, in which injustice so great has been attempted." The points Judge Jameson made were: that the accused was denied the right of challenge; that the specifications did not in all places mention the time and place of the omission; that Cheney was not given the legal time to select if he had wished to do so; and above all, that Cheney if convicted would lose his salary and his position. This opinion of Judge Jameson aroused great indignation in the Church and many of the most prominent religious and secular papers did not hesitate to express their opinion of its injustice and ill manners. It seemed simply a "diction" of Judge Jameson, well known to be opposed to the Bishop. The majority of sensible people thought it most preposterous in the Judge to ring in Cheney's salary and position as likely to be lost if he were convicted.

How did he come to have this salary and position? Simply because he was an Episcopal clergyman and bound to maintain the Episcopal canons and rules. He held his salary and position conditionally, and one condition was that he should use the Prayer Book let it teach what it might. It made no difference what he believed, or what a civil court thought, the only Church question was, "Had he broken the conditions?" I do not believe the Papal supremacy true, but a Roman priest swears that he does and he is bound to teach it or leave the Church. Murray Hoffman of New York, the ablest Church lawyer we have ever had, wrote a long opinion, published in the Church Journal, in which he contravened every single point Jameson made, sustaining thoroughly the Ecclesiastical Court, and he ended his letter with this weighty sentence: "If the principles of this decision are carried to their logical results our country will exhibit more submission of Church Courts to temporal judges than in England itself, and at last the interpretation of the most essential doctrines of the faith will be assumed by them." So great was the outcry against Jameson's bad manners that he took his opinion back and revised it, and, while he did not alter his decision, he left out the insulting passages. The members of the court felt most deeply Judge Jameson's insults and his unjust decisions, and they met and protested solemnly against the intrusion of civil courts in matters purely ecclesiastical, showing clearly their legal constitution and the thorough legality of their decisions. The document they published was a dignified and able one, and showed the "hand of Joab" in every line.

Of course the Church appealed the case and it was tried in the State Supreme Court a year and a half after the first injunction. Here the straw was again all threshed out and the Supreme Court removed Jameson's decree and dissolved the injunction. Judge Thornton delivered the opinion. In it he says: "Five intelligent clergymen were more competent than this Court to decide the peculiar questions raised. Why should we review that decision and not every other which involves the interpretation of the Canons? It is conceded that when jurisdiction attaches the judgment of the Church Court is conclusive as to purely ecclesiastical questions. It should be equally conclusive upon doubtful and technical questions." He also thoroughly disposed of Jameson's argument that Cheney had vested rights, showing that they were only conditional.

In the Diocesan Convention sitting during the suspension of the Court the Cheney Case, of course, came up. Cheney and his lawyers were members of that Convention and they had much to say, but the Convention stood firm on a vote of the actions of the Church Court with only three clerical and two lay votes in the negative. Cheney, of course, formed one of the three. The Bishop's speech just before the vote was taken was one of the most magnificent outbursts of courageous and manly feeling I ever heard, and the whole Convention broke out in wild and tumultuous applause over it, a thing I never saw before or since. I will quote a few sentences from it: "I have a right to visitation and discipline. Suppose I deny this? Only suppose I was the sneak that would make me? Have I a right to betray my brethren? Have I a right to break my collegiate faith? Have I a right to stand out and just save my own poor weak head and leave them when the time comes to stand firm and become martyrs? God forbid. I never brave public opinion. I never enter into controversy. I never seek in any way to provoke word, thought or deed that I can avoid in any relation of antagonism. But when it comes to the time, God being my helper, I believe as far as any poor man can judge, of what he would do; a judge or anybody else might tear me piecemeal before I would give up or yield what I feel to be my solemn duty to God."

The injunction granted by the civil court having now been removed the Church Court again resumed its sessions, and on the third of February (I think), 1871, the Cheney trial again came into the arena. Mr. Fuller immediately raised the question whether it was right for the Court to sit with less than the full number of five assessors. It had come to pass that during the long suspension of the trial Dr. Pierce, one of the assessors, had been elected Bishop of Arkansas and had removed from the Diocese. The Court, therefore, had but four members. It had, of course, been anticipated that Mr. Fuller would make this objection and Messrs. Judd and Otis, the Church counsel, were fully prepared to meet it. They showed that a Church Court in its construction and bearings resembles closely a court martial, and in such a court absence by reason of sickness, removal or death, or the exigencies of the service, did not dissolve the court, provided always there was no reduction below the minimum number. The Canon provided that not less than three or more than five should form the Court. Four being present it was thoroughly legal. A letter from Murray Hoffman was read coinciding with that opinion. Mr. Fuller appealed to the Court which after a consultation decided that its number not having fallen below the number provided in the Canon, was the legal majority necessary and it could not be dissolved. This point appeared to us all then as fully settled, but I notice that lately it has been brought up again as invalidating the trial. Mr. Cheney had withdrawn by consent his plea of guilty, and Mr. Fuller now submitted a statement made by Cheney himself in which he admitted the facts charged but denied that they were in any sense violations of his ordination vows, or contrary to the law of the Church. This, of course, remained to be proved by argument and testimony, the taking of which now began. I could not possibly give its weary details, suffice it to say that it substantiated all the facts beyond question, but showed that differences of opinion existed as to the meaning of regenerate, of which we were all aware, and which would seem to be absolutely sufficient reason why Cheney need not have omitted it. It was also shown that differences existed as to the propriety of a priest making changes in the forms of the Church at his own volition, and that priests had done it "ante tempus Cheney." This argument seemed to the most of us like a thief testifying that others had stolen and had not been tried, and therefore it was no violation of the law to steal.

The decision of the Court was rendered on February 7, 1871. It set forth that Cheney's own statement would have been sufficient to condemn him, but they had patiently listened to much other testimony "pro et contra". They found him guilty of the charges and decided that a sentence of suspension "a divinis" terminable on his contrition and promise of conformity, would be the proper one for the Bishop to pronounce. They regretted that the contemptuous and defiant attitude of Cheney prevented them from recommending a mitigation of the sentence.

There remained now for Cheney the option of a new trial before the newly created Diocesan Appellate Court, but he did not choose to make the appeal and went on officiating every Sunday. The Bishop waited a while and then wrote to Cheney saying that he felt he must carry out the decision of the Court and pronounce the sentence of suspension. Cheney did not take the slightest notice of this and so on February 18th in the Cathedral, he was suspended until repentance. His wardens and vestrymen urged him to go on and go on he did and thundered away about his persecution and his loyalty, freeing his mind every Sunday. Three presbyters then gave the Bishop the legal notice that a suspended priest continued to officiate. The Bishop appointed a Commission to investigate as provided by Canon, and on the 27th of March, 1871, the Commission presented Cheney for trial for contumacy. The presentment was a long one but its substance

was simply this: Cheney had been legally forbidden to officiate and still officiated. A list of presbyters was not furnished Cheney from which to choose five. He ignored it entirely and the Standing Committee, as by law provided, chose for him. Of that Court I was elected the President. I disliked extremely having anything to do with this affair and my vestry and my people were thoroughly averse to my serving on the Court, but it was a clear case of duty and I felt I would be very cowardly to decline. I took my place, then, at the head of the Court on May 2, 1871. After I had read the authority under which we acted, Mr. Fuller rose and read a paper in which he declared that the first Court had been invalid on account of the absence of Dr. Pierce, and that as the verdict of that Court required an expression of contrition, and his client not thinking he had done anything wrong, he could not possibly be contrite. He went on to say that the matters of fact were no offense, omission being general, and that Baptismal Regeneration was no doctrine of the Church. He also said that the present Court was not convened to try any new offenses but to try Cheney for contempt of a previous alleged Court, and, as he did not believe the former Court valid, this could not be. He finished his paper by totally upsetting any value it might have for he was obliged to say that Cheney had not authorized the paper, that he would not approve, and that he, Fuller, did not appear for him except to object to our jurisdiction. We took this curious document and retired to consult over it. Our decision was, that it being apparent that Fuller did not appear at Cheney's request, and no evidence being presented that Full & Co. were there as advocates or proctors for Cheney, as provided by Canon, that, therefore, we could not receive the paper. Mr. Fuller then retired. Abundant testimony was then offered in relation to the only subject we could in any way consider, which was Cheney's disregard of the Bishop's sentence. This being plainly proved our sentence was the only one possible, and that was, that he ought to be degraded from the ministry. We all felt terrible to come to this decision, but will Dr. Fulton or anybody else, tell me what other course was open to us.

On the second of June, 1871, the awfully solemn ceremony of the degradation of Charles Edward Cheney took place in the Cathedral in the presence of a large number of the city clergy and the Standing Committee. The Litany was said by the present Bishop Sullivan. Before pronouncing the sentence the Bishop made a telling address which ought to silence many of the insinuations that he acted with prejudice and from tyrannical motives. He said: "After patient examination and anxious consideration, fortified by the opinion of others, I am prepared to say before God in this church that no human passions and motives of self interest mingle in this decision. The purity of the Church, and the indication of her discipline, and even, I might say, the prevention of schismatic separation, force me to the solemn performance of this function of my high office. * * * At every step a remedy has been in Mr. Cheney's own hands. Even from an earthly standpoint by the exercise of a wise and sober judgment, he could have availed himself of means of averting this scene." I do not think that ever in my life would it be possible for me to feel more pained over the sad ending of a Church life than I felt over this going out of one whom I loved and still love, but if ever a man brought it on himself he did.

During the month of July the Bishop notified the wardens of Christ Church that he intended to visit the parish for confirmation and other purposes on Sunday, August 13th, and, as the parish had no rector, it was the wardens' duty to give notice of the visitation. The reply of the wardens was most impertinent; they said they had a rector, the Reverend C. E. Cheney, and that he was

in good standing, but intimated that the church would be ready for the Bishop at the time stated. There was a very long, unedifying, and on the part of Albert Crane and others, silly correspondence about the visit in the public press, and it was expected with as much interest as the Spaniards manifest about a bull fight. The time came and the Bishop drove up in the carriage of one of the wardens which had been sent for him. In the vestry room was Cheney, long-surpliced and black-stoled. He went forward and stretched out his hand saying, "Good morning, Bishop." The Bishop said freezingly, "I cannot recognize you, Sir, in those robes." The Bishop then asked the wardens whether "this person was a presbyter of the Biocese of Illinois." They dodged that question but said they could not permit Mr. Cheney to be excluded from the chancel of his own church. The Bishop had come cocked and primed for this performance and he immediately pulled out of his pocket and read a protest in which with many other keen cuts at Cheney & Co. he said: "I am met by the arbitrary dictation on the part of the officers of this church that I must acknowledge and receive as worthy and competent to stand at the altar, a minister, degraded after trial by his peers, from his office in the Church of God." The Warden Crane then made a palaver as foolish as it was impertinent, but the Bishop washed his hands of Crane and his carriage, and with Dr. Kelly, whom he had brought with him, got into his own carriage and drove off.

I must now leave the Cheney Case and go back a little and take up some important Diocesan matters occurring in 1870. I was absent from the Diocese fully half of that year in Europe, beginning the struggle with that fatal malady which I fought with unflinching courage and with every indulgence from my devoted people until the battle was hopeless, and I surrendered my will entirely to the will of God. The Bishop was also absent in Europe a few months but was present at Convention. All Saints had now been organized as a parish. It was on Milwaukee Avenue and the Reverend Jonas Greene was the rector. There was a good parish now in Harlem and the Evanston parish, St. Mark's, had sixty communicants. The ghost of the Bonded Debt still walked but was getting more diaphanous. We hear now for the first time of the division of the Diocese. The Bishop in his address expressed his wish that two new dioceses might be formed out of the state. The lines he indicated were not at all those which were afterward adopted, and you will smile when I tell you that he recommended "Jubilee" as the ecclesiastical centre of one of them.¹⁸ It was very poor judgment. A committee of Trustees was appointed on this question and on the fourth day (for we were still sitting four days every year and not accomplishing a whit more than we now do in two) this Committee reported a resolution that two new dioceses be formed and that the Committee be continued with power to take all necessary steps to have the matter ready for final action the next year. These resolutions were unanimously adopted. The mercury in the thermometer of Diocesan Missions was sinking down. The collections this year were only \$2,600 and the report said very pointedly that if the rate of decline continued we would soon be without one cent of income. A brand new Committee was then elected of which I was a member. We passed resolutions in response to the death of the Archbishop of Upsala¹⁹, though why we did it, like the peace of God, passeth understanding. We also passed a resolution expressing our desire to have the word Convention changed to Council, though I do not think

¹⁸Jubilee College, Peoria County, had been the headquarters for the Episcopal Church in Illinois during the episcopate of Bishop Chase (1835-1852).

¹⁹Probably reflecting Bishop Whitehouse's keen interest in cordial relations with the Church of Sweden.

that "rose by any other name" would smell sweeter. We also passed a resolution that the revision of the Bible, then going on in England, was unwise! Not half so much so, I imagine, as our resolution, which was full of absurd fears, for certainly the Revised Bible has proved a great help to Bible students. We were very much occupied that year with the revision of the Constitution and Canons. As they have been revised since I need not dwell on the point. The only thing in the matter that provoked much discussion was what was called the "ipso facto clause." This was a provision of the Canons that any clergyman under trial resorting to a civil court to arrest or impede the ecclesiastical court, shall be "ipso facto:" suspended. There was a great deal of opposition to this on the part of the most influential members of the Convention, but the Bishop used all his powers of argument and position to secure its passage and he did secure it by a close vote. Our bitter feelings toward Cheney for his contemptible resort to the civil courts greatly influenced us against our better judgment, for surely such a drastic course as that is thoroughly unamerican and unjust. No man should fall under any sentence without a trial. (The clause does not exist in our present law.) We provided at this Convention an Appellate Court composed of the Bishop and the rural deans. This was a great step in advance. This Court was, however, much altered in the last revision and I need not discuss it. In the report of the Committee of Equalization they included the Cathedral among the taxable parishes and assessed it \$407. The Bishop objected strongly to this, and in my opinion justly. A Cathedral is certainly not a parish church. His objection was sustained and the Cathedral has never been assessed. How absurd it would be when the Diocese contributes toward its support! The confirmations had sunk from eight hundred in 1868 to six hundred. (The Cheney Case and all the hubbub it made was telling on the spiritual life of the Diocese.) Legal proceedings were ordered to be begun against the wardens and vestry of Christ Church to prevent the division and maladministration of the resources of that parish and the Chancellor, Mr. Judd, with a committee of three were appointed to look after the matter. No cleric objected to this but Dr. Powers, and he, like Cheney, always objected to everything. Of the laymen Mr. Fuller alone objected as a matter of course. The question then came up about the validity of the first court that had tried Cheney, which, it will be remembered, Mr. Fuller had called in question. The Convention declared that the true meaning of its Canon was, that three assessors out of the five made a quorum and were competent to proceed with the trial. Dr. Powers and Mr. Fuller alone objected. No one else thought any other view possible.

1871.

This was a memorable year for in it occurred the great fire which affected most seriously many of the Chicago parishes. This year I became the Dean of what was called the Northern Deanery, but which was substantially the same as the one over which I now preside. We finished at this Convention our work in connection with the Constitution and Canons. The Committee on new Dioceses reported boundaries for the two new proposed Dioceses different from those proposed by the Bishop. Even these, however, were not the ones finally adopted, (in 1877). The delegates to the General Convention were instructed to present our petition for division to that body. They did so, but the House of Bishops declined to grant it and we withdrew the papers in the other House. The Bishop thought the refusal was due greatly to the "proleptic" action of our own Convention. I have no idea what he meant but that dilemma often occurred. He once appointed me to make an address on the "Transcendental in Religion". I felt very much puzzled and ran all over the city to all the Church doctors and

and theologians but not one could give me the least help. I agonized over this until the day before the address was to come off, but the darkness would not break. Covered with shame I wrote to the Bishop that neither I nor any of my "confreres" had any idea what he meant. He was very much astonished and said: "It is very plain; I referred to the interest angels take in penitent souls." He came to the meeting and made a most charming address on that point just to show me how easily it could be done. My brethren grieved me very greatly about this.

I was at the General Convention in my place as deputy when the news came of the awful fire in Chicago. The whole Convention was deeply moved and the presiding officer of the House called us to special prayers in which the Bishops came and joined. I have heard sneers about these devotions. It has been said we were so hidebound that we could not break away from our forms and pray for the sufferers from the fire. I remember well how solemn and impressive the service was. Never had the Litany seemed to me more thrilling and more appropriate, and after all, some of the prayers were extempore. Judge Otis and I took the very first train for Baltimore we could find and it was with weary and anxious hearts we journeyed on. All telegraphic connection was cut off and we neither of us knew whether our families were living or dead. I felt sure my church was burned, and he felt sure that much of his fortune had gone up in smoke. His son met us at the station and relieved his mind about his family but could give no information about mine, though he knew that Grace Church was not burned. Words cannot express my feelings as I jolted in a wretched hack over the burned pavements and through the smoking streets toward Peck Court and Wabash Avenue where I was living in a rectory built for me soon after my coming to Chicago. Thank God it was still standing and my family were all safe and well, but such a scene of confusion I never saw. Every stick of furniture in the house had been taken out and piled on immense drays sent by the vestry to be ready in case the fire came any nearer. My assistant, the Reverend William Toll, as competent and devoted then as now, had carried my children and my sermons in the middle of the night far south to a place of safety. The furniture had been huddled back when the fire was stopped about two blocks from the house, but nothing was in place. We had no gas and our only light was tallow candles stuck in bottles. We had no water for every drop had to be brought from the Lake. That very day a kind friend sent me three hogsheads of water which lasted us until the mains were fixed. My house was crowded with women and children who had fled thither from their own burned homes, and I gazed around me with a dazed and bewildered air.

My nature is not one, however, that will allow me to sit with folded hands. I was soon off to my church and within two hours I had established in the vestibule a distributing place for food, and willing hands were already unloading a huge wagon load of provisions sent me by the Aid Committee. The chapel was cleared of benches and forty or fifty families put in there to sleep on the floor on the pew cushions which had been brought in from the church, not at all to their future advantage, for when the families departed they left many members of their households, and the cushions all had to be made over! My study and my vestry room were turned into clothing depots, and before the day was over a surging crowd filled the narrow alley by the side of the church waiting for help. Then followed six weeks of most exhausting labor. My wife and I hardly took the necessary sleep, and exposure to the wintry weather in her laborious journeys all over the city visiting families in need of help, brought on inflammatory rheumatism from which she suffered for many years. I may not be the right

person to say it, but there was no woman in Chicago who gave more devoted and self sacrificing work to the tremendous problem of caring for the thousands of homeless and ruined people than Mrs. Locke. After the long and exhausting work of the day she would be busy until long after midnight arranging the work for the next day. From the abundant stores sent to us personally from all over the world, between fifteen and sixteen hundred people were provided with comfortable clothing and in many cases with complete wardrobes. These were generally ladies and gentlemen, not the ordinary poor.

As can be easily imagined, all this required immense care and supervision. The parishioners were the most willing and devoted helpers, and they cheerfully listened to old sermons, for I had no time to prepare new ones. I could tell some most amusing stories of those days, and some exemplifying the meanness and greediness of even well to do people, but a regard for many living persons prevents me. The same noble work, though not to the extent of that done in Grace Church, went on in every parish of the city. The General Convention recommended that all donations for Churchmen and intended for the use of the Church, be sent to Judge Otis and me as a Committee of Distribution. Judge Otis was of necessity too occupied to give this matter any attention, and I was obliged to assume the whole responsibility until the Bishop returned after the General Convention had adjourned. A meeting of the city clergy was held then and the Bishop became, as was proper, the official representative for monies received and disbursed. I turned over to him then \$22,793; I had myself distributed \$5,000 sent to me for that purpose, and had transmitted nearly \$3,000 to St. Luke's Hospital. It would be impossible to particularize the immense quantity of stores of every description distributed by my wife and myself. The meeting of the clergy of which I spoke, found itself with nearly \$44,000 to apportion. We made four classes of beneficiaries: I. The clergy who had suffered direct loss, and to them we gave \$3,500. II. The clergy suffering indirectly from the fire by the crippling of their funds and preventing the usual charity work of their parishes. To this class we gave about \$6,000. III. St. Luke's Hospital. To this we only gave \$1,100 as it had received very large sums from other sources. IV. Aid in rebuilding churches which had perished in the fire. We gave Trinity \$5,000; St. James \$4,346; Holy Communion \$1,500; Ascension \$2,200; and St. Ansgarius nearly \$20,000, that being the most helpless.

At my earnest request my salary was reduced from \$6,000 to \$2,000 and my church made free. This last move was popular, but I soon saw that it was entirely unnecessary for my church was crowded to the doors with well to do people who had no other place to go, and who clamored to take pews, which they were allowed to do the next Easter when every sitting in the church was rented, and my salary was restored to its former figure. I want to say that I never lived more comfortably and had more money to spare than during the period of my limited salary. Everybody was very profuse in gifts to me, and I rented for a large sum my two parlors as offices. Indeed, gloomy as the ruined city looked, I do not think we ever had a more social, genial, unfashionable, enjoyable winter.

1872.

The Convention of 1872 was naturally not a very cheerful one. Several of the most prominent churches were yet in ruins and every parish was feeling deeply the effects of the fire. The Secretary of the Standing Committee reported that the fire had destroyed nearly all the records of that Committee and many other Church records also perished in that memorable time. The Chancellor of

the Diocese, Mr. Judd, reported that he had filed a bill for the recovery of the Christ Church property against Cheney, his wardens and vestrymen, in the Circuit Court, on the 28th of May, and that a demurrer had been filed by Cheney & Co. He reported that Judge Williams on July 29th had rendered a decree overruling the demurrer but refusing to grant an injunction. The Judge gave the opinion that in every local church those who held to the faith and discipline to which the local church belonged, were the proper beneficiaries. This would seem to ordinary persons, gifted merely with common sense, sufficient reason for handing over the property to the Episcopal Church, but it did not do so. The litigation went on and the Committee of Three with the Chancellor was continued. We passed resolutions at this Convention commending a newspaper called "The Diocese", edited by the Reverend John Wilkinson. I am unable with the utmost effort to recall to my memory anything about this paper.²⁰ \$1,100 were subscribed for a missionary at the Cathedral but I do not think one was employed. The contribution for missions had now sunk to \$1,253 for the year, which the Bishop greatly bewailed. In his address he said some graceful words about those standards for lights which stand in the chancel of the Cathedral. It seems that a stranger from Baltimore, a Mr. G. Norris, happened to stray into the Cathedral when the Bishop was pronouncing an eulogy on a distinguished Church lawyer, Hugh Davy Evans, who had just died, and was a great friend of this Mr. Norris. The Bishop's words so pleased him that he gave the standards, and also expressed to the Bishop his profound appreciation of the efforts the Bishop had made in introducing the Cathedral into our American Church system. The Bishop this year gave a very interesting "resume" of his episcopate of twenty years. He made out as good a case as he could and embroidered it with glittering generalities, but the record was rather disheartening.

1 8 7 3.

This was the last Convention over which Bishop Whitehouse was to preside. How little we thought about his sudden removal from our midst as we met on the 9th of September in the Cathedral. Morning Prayer and the Communion Office were said in the old fashioned way, all chopped up and distributed among a dozen priests. The Bishop himself administered the Communion, not to a pitiful handful as at present, but to the whole Convention, lay and clerical. The change from all this makes me sick every year. The united partaking of the Holy Mysteries was a solemn and heart-stirring act. It has passed away now; one layman and about twenty clergy were all who received in 1898. The address this year was read at an evening service, but it was so long that it ran over into the next day. The parish at Maywood was this year admitted to union. A society was formed called "The Layman's Relief Society" for the benefit of the families of deceased clergymen. It did not amount to a row of pins, and it was reserved for one woman²¹ a few years later to make that matter a splendid success by her own tireless energy. Chancellor Judd made a verbose report about the Christ Church property, which report when boiled down, announced that no decision had yet been reached, but that great hopes were entertained. The Bishop was requested to hold within the year, at such places in the Diocese as he should select, meetings of clergy and laity to inaugurate measures about getting the Diocese divided. A

²⁰"The Diocese" was published from 1872 until 1877. After the division of the diocese in 1877, it became "The Province" and ceased publication a year later.

²¹Lydia Beekman Hibbard.

committee urged the appointment of an itinerant in each Deanery and a resident missionary at the Cathedral. Nothing came of it in any way. In what a very little volume could be condensed the outcome of the many long and brilliantly colored reports to which I have listened to Conventions! The amount received for Diocesan Missions this year was \$2,588, of which Grace Church contributed \$804, no other parish over \$200. The Bishop paid a most brilliant tribute to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce of Winchester, lately deceased. He might not have been so complimentary if he had ever seen the Bishop's diary in which, after mentioning that Bishop Whitehouse preached the opening sermon at the Lambeth Conference, he makes the not very flattering comment, "Words, words." At one sentence in his address a smile rippled over the faces of his audience: "One cigar", he says, "each day given up by the worshippers in our Diocesan congregations who use cigars, would overpay the whole Diocesan work of evangelization. May we say there are one thousand men who indulge in this luxury? Am I wrong in fixing an average price of ten cents for each cigar? If these data be correct the result is \$36,000. (As the Bishop, like myself, never smoked, he was talking of something about which he knew nothing.) He spoke of St. John's Church, Ashland Avenue, its coming splendors and its cost. Poor St. John's! It was pure folly to have started it with so little financial backing. It proved an elephant, was soon a dead elephant, and is now the fine building occupied by the Third Presbyterian Church. In my report as Dean I spoke of the church just completed at Blivin's Mills. Where is that place? And what has become of the church built there?²²

1 8 7 4.

On the morning of the 10th of August of this year I was enjoying a sail on the lovely waters of Lake Geneva, as free from care as a man could be. A little row boat came alongside my yacht and a messenger handed me a telegram. I could scarce believe my eyes; the Bishop was dead! Was it possible that his grand personality, so full of power, so marked by great distinction, had been removed to the world beyond! I hurried back to Chicago, for, being a member of the Standing Committee, my presence was needed and I was soon plunged in all the preparations for the funeral.

In what I have to say about the death and funeral of Bishop Whitehouse I want to acknowledge my indebtedness for many most interesting incidents to the Reverend J. H. Knowles, now one of the curates of Trinity Parish, New York, but for many years Canon of the Cathedral and Bishop Whitehouse's right hand man. The Bishop relied very greatly on him and Knowles was thoroughly loyal and devoted to all the Bishop's interests. Sad as the Bishop's death was to Knowles he revelled in all the arrangements for the grand funeral. If there was a man preordained and predestined to be a Master of Ceremonies it was Canon Knowles. Never have I known a man who could arrange a function or procession more beautifully than he could. Bishop Whitehouse knew this and always let Knowles have his way in such things, and it used to amuse us all at great functions to see the dignified Bishop trotting about like a meek little lamb wherever Knowles ordered him to go.

²²Blivins Mills - Later renamed Spring Grove (McHenry Co.). St. Mary's Mission lasted from 1869 to about 1900. Founded by the missionary-priest, Peter Arvedson.

The cause of the Bishop's death was apoplexy, and Knowles writes me as follows about it: "The Sunday before the Bishop had the apoplectic stroke I noticed on one of his temples a slight abrasion. On asking him what was the cause of it, for I saw that it distressed him, he told me that a day or two before he had been at the Police Station on Madison Street on an errand, and that coming down the steps he had slipped and fallen, striking his forehead and causing the little wound. He did not tell me that his errand there had been to enquire the whereabouts of a poor Englishman who had disappeared mysteriously, and whose wife sought the Bishop's aid in her dire distress. There may have been other cause for the fatal stroke, such as the extra work done in the Diocese of Wisconsin, but I have always connected this work of mercy for the poor woman with his final summons. The end came peacefully on August tenth. The Holy Communion was administered by the Reverend Dr. Kelly, assisted by myself, and like a little child going to sleep the Bishop breathed his last."

The Standing Committee of which I was President, knowing Knowles' competency, put the whole matter of the funeral in his hands and told him to have everything worthy of the dead prelate and the solemn occasion. He did not need urging. He ordered everything he wanted "regardless". The effect was very fine, but when the bills came in to the Standing Committee there was some kicking. They were paid, however, and one of our number, Judge Otis, drily remarked to the Canon, "You got up a splendid funeral, but you come very high." The whole Cathedral was draped inside with black, purple and white, and the walls of the chancel were entirely covered with purple cloth relieved with white draperies and powdered with "fleur de lys" and "tears", (this purple cloth was afterward cut up into cassocks for the Cathedral choir.) The floor of the chancel was covered entirely with black, with purple hangings on the choir stalls. The whole order of the funeral procession was printed and is a model for any future function of the kind. Knowles was very proud of it, and well he might be. The Bishop lived on Washington Boulevard, No. 445, and the procession walked from there to the Cathedral. The printed form says it was under my direction, but I had nothing to do with it except to walk in the place where the Canon put me. The sidewalks all the way were thronged with people, and the middle of the street for blocks filled with clergy in their surplices and black stoles, the Diocesan officers and the mourners. In the midst of all was the purple draped hearse with its four slow pacing horses. I never saw a finer or more impressive sight. I do not remember what bishops were present, but Bishop Lee of Iowa preached the funeral sermon, and with that was connected a tragedy. A short time before this Bishop Lee had fallen down a flight of stairs and wounded his hand, and it was painning him somewhat at the time of the funeral. Soon after that erysipelas set in and on the twentieth of the next month, September, he died. I am tempted to break in on my narrative in order to relate a curious incident told me by Bishop Lee in regard to his fall. The very day after it occurred, and before any one knew of it, and by the very first mail, came a letter from the Bishop's son, who lived in Chicago, saying, "Has anything happened to you? Have you been hurt? It is borne in upon my mind that you have had a fall. Last night I awoke and distinctly heard you calling me 'William, William'. I fell asleep again and was again awakened by the same cry, and again a third time. So powerful is the impression on my mind that something has befallen you that I have risen early and am writing this to go by the early mail to ask about you." Such things as this make us think of Hamlet's words, "There are more things twixt heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

The music of the funeral was wonderfully impressive; the deep feeling of the choir and our own profoundly stirred hearts combined with the perfection of

the harmony, produced an effect which can never be forgotten. True to my nature I must relate one funny occurrence in the midst of all the grief: Knowles had confided to me the trouble he was having about the funeral with the old verger of the Cathedral, William Candell, a privileged character, perfectly devoted to the Bishop. Candell was very much affronted because a committee of gentlemen was to act as ushers at the Cathedral. He considered that his business alone. Knowles, however, pacified him by telling him he was to wear a black gown and carry a verger's wand and walk down the Boulevard at the head of the procession, and so he did, swelling visibly. Then at the Cathedral he proudly escorted the Church procession up the aisle and was provided with a seat by the side of Knowles. Just as Bishop Lee was entering the pulpit someone said to Knowles, "Get him a glass of water for he always needs it when preaching." The old verger just heard one ward "water", and off he flew to get it, soon returning with the glass in his hand. Having heard no name he did not know what to do with it. He paused a moment on the chancel steps and then gravely descended and offered it to a lady in the middle aisle. Her look of blank amazement as she waved him off almost upset some of us, and when we looked over at Knowles his head was buried in his surplice sleeves on the desk before him. The congregation undoubtedly thought he was overcome with grief, but we knew, that miserably as he felt, he was overpowered with the ludicrousness of the situation. Months after, the Canon asked Candell what he did with the water and he said, "I was bound to get rid of it and I drank it myself."

A committee, of which Knowles was one, accompanied the Bishop's body to New York. There ought to have been a private car provided but there was not, and the casket was placed in the express car. At eleven at night Knowles went in to see how it was placed. To his horror it was resting on a lot of greasy butter tubs. He protested and pleaded, and the officials said they would remedy it. At two o'clock he went in again and now it was resting on the floor steadied by a pile of silver bricks on their way from California. The body was met in New York by Bishop Potter and a few of the dead Bishop's personal friends, and after a short service in Trinity Church was carried to the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery. Canon Knowles writes me thus: "As I said the last words at the grave and laid his Oxford cap and hood on his coffin, I felt that I would never again meet a truer and more trusted friend than Henry John Whitehouse, Bishop of Illinois. I knew him well; his stern justice, his uncompromising devotion to truth, his tenderness to the erring, his patience with inexperience and infirmity, and above all, his annihilation of self in all that regarded his own personal rights and comforts. I knew, too, his high ideal of the Church and often wondered how he could withdraw himself into that ideal as a refuge from the strife of tongues and the persecutions of ungodly men. The towering walls of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, and the great future of the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Washington, tell me that the initial movement in the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Chicago have not been without effect."

Of course the Episcopal hive in Illinois now began to hum! Who was to be our bishop? The annual Convention when the election would take place was fixed by Canon for the fifteenth of September, so that fortunately there was but little time for the customary wire-pulling and letter writing, and other scullery business, which, since we are human beings, I presume is inseparable from any election, secular or religious. The thoughts of many of us, and certainly my own thoughts, were fixed on one man, probably at that time the most conspicuous and the most maligned clergyman in our Church, the Reverend James DeKoven, Warden of Racine College. He seemed to stand out before all others as preeminently qualified to be our Bishop, for he possessed every quality that would

have made him a magnificent success. I remember that when he was a candidate in the Diocese of Wisconsin I was standing in the lower part of the church when he ended his splendid defense of his theology and his actions. A Methodist and a Presbyterian minister were standing near me, and they said to me, "Why does the Convention hesitate a moment? Any religious body possessing such a man would jump at the chance of giving him the highest place." Party feeling and narrow judgment, however, prevented his election then, and the same things prevented our having him for our candidate now. An informal meeting of the members of the coming Convention was held in the chapel of the Cathedral the evening before the Convention met. About one hundred were present and a number of candidates were talked over. The newspapers called this a caucus. The opposition to Dr. DeKoven seemed based on the conviction that he was an extreme Ritualist. It makes me smile now to think that such an idea could have been seriously entertained, for as the standard now runs he would hardly even be counted in that company. Those of us who knew and loved him determined in any case to present his name, but on the very morning of the Convention I received a message from Dr. DeKoven absolutely prohibiting the use of his name in the Convention, and asking me to announce that fact early in the session, which, of course, I was most unwillingly obliged to do. The choice of Dr. DeKoven's friends now fell upon Dr. George Seymour, the present Bishop of Springfield, and we determined to rally under his name. As he, also, was counted a tremendous Ritualist, the moderate High Churchmen and the Low Churchmen were at first as much opposed to him as to Dr. DeKoven, and their candidate was Dr. William Huntington, now of Grace Church, New York, certainly as opposite a man in every way to Dr. Seymour as could well be found. Any quantity of speeches were made about both candidates. The Reverend Dr. Powers of St. John's, made one of the nastiest speeches about Seymour I ever heard, dwelling on his small stature, his defective vision, etc. The whole Convention was disgusted with Powers. The Huntington men tried to make out that Huntington was a conservative Churchman, and the Seymour men that Seymour was not a Ritualist, and to my mind, both sides had hard work to establish their points.

It must be said, however, that in those days the charge of Ritualism was most vague. Nobody seemed to have any definite idea what it was except that it was something very awful. It is perfectly easy now to define a Ritualist, for it is a distinct party to which you do or do not belong. It was not so then. In my opinion, Dr. Seymour is now what he was then, a very High and rather narrow Churchman, with strong ritualistic sympathies, not prepared, however, like Bishop Grafton, to go the whole ritualistic programme, a positive man, but fair and aboveboard. Some of the things which were alleged against him as marking Ritualism were not only perfectly innocent and now in common use, but they were most absurd as being a bar to any man's election.

At last, after everything true and untrue had been said on both sides, we got to a vote. On the first ballot (I was one of the tellers) Seymour had twenty-nine votes, Huntington twenty-three; necessary to a choice, thirty-one. The Huntington party now abandoned Huntington, most foolishly, I thought, for his showing was not bad for a first ballot, and Dr. Thomas Morrison nominated Dr. Sullivan, rector of Trinity Church, Chicago, and afterward Bishop of Algoma. Dr. Sullivan had many excellent traits and he afterward made a reasonably good English bishop, but we did not want one to reign over us who had been mixed up with all the party difficulties which had marked our history, and above all, we wanted an American. I felt sure that he never could be elected and the moment he was nominated I knew that Seymour's election was secure. So it proved on the second ballot, and when the tellers returned my smiling face betrayed to

the Convention that there was an election, and the laughter was loud and long. The vote stood, Seymour thirty-four, Sullivan twenty-one; thirty-one was necessary to a choice so Seymour was elected by the clergy. His name was immediately submitted to the laity to confirm or reject. They confirmed it on the first ballot, he receiving thirty-two votes out of fifty-seven. Dr. George F. Seymour was therefore declared Bishop-Elect of Illinois. The vote was made unanimous, a point which must not be forgotten, nor another point, that every delegate to the Convention signed his testimonials. It was a great point in Seymour's favor that Bishop Whitehouse had called him to the Deanship of the Cathedral, and that he had been called twice to St. James' Church and once to Trinity. Moreover, his wisdom, his reputation as a theologian and as a preacher were known to the whole church. It would seem as if we had chosen rightly, but, as will be soon seen, the General Church differed from us.

Before coming to that I must first take up some of the other events of the year. I had been selected by the ecclesiastical authority to preach the memorial sermon of Bishop Whitehouse before the Convention of the Diocese. There were the usual heartburnings, jealousies and detractions from those who thought they ought to have been chosen to do it. I was very proud of the distinction, and, as the sermon is in print, it is easy to judge whether I avoided both Scylla and Charybdis, and I mean by that, not indulging in fulsome laudation of a man whom it was known I did not love, nor keeping back one word of eulogy on a man I greatly admired. Early in the Convention the Chancellor of the Cathedral, an office which has now very properly vanished into thin air, it being very hard to discover what "Othello's occupation" was, presented a report which was full of interest. In the first place, it put before the public for the first time the exact status of the Cathedral, which is its present status. It stated that a certain H. J. Whitehouse, D.D., for a consideration of five dollars conveyed to the Right Reverend H. J. Whitehouse, D.D., Oxon L.L.D., D.C.L. Cantuar, Bishop of Illinois, and to his successor and successors in office, the Cathedral property to be forever held as a Cathedral in any diocese containing the City of Chicago: the management and use of such property to be entirely vested in the Bishop of Illinois and his successors; the seats to be forever free; and the Church forever to remain in union with the P.E.C. of the U.S.A. The report went on to say that at the time of the Bishop's death there were liabilities on the property amounting to \$5,660. This had been paid off by a friend of the Bishop's, Mr. Thomas Lowther. It stated, also, that a lot in the rear of the Cathedral (the one on which the Clergy House now stands) had been purchased by a body of laymen and added to the Cathedral trust. This report was received with great enthusiasm. Mr. Lowther was thanked, and the Chancellor, W. F. Whitehouse, was also thanked for his most valuable labors.

The Chancellor of the Diocese also reported on the Christ Church property case which had been in argument before Judge Williams for several weeks, and regarding which the Judge gave his decision August fifteenth. That decision was adverse to the Church. The Judge declined to restrain the Cheneyites from the use of Christ Church property on the ground that the first ecclesiastical court was void by reason of the retirement of Dr. Pierce. This, the Judge said, invalidated not only the sentence of that court but the whole action of the second court, and he held that Cheney was not deposed. As regards the other ground on which the Church rested her case, namely, the Bishop's inherent form of government and discipline, in virtue of which a sentence of degradation would stand apart from a question as to the authority of a Church court, the Judge decided this could not be, because it was hostile to the genius, objects and spirit of the institutions of a free government "Quantem Maxillam." The Chancellor called

our attention very closely to the strange anomaly of Cheney being declared by a single lay judge in Chicago as a presbyter in good standing, while the whole Episcopal Church, High and Low, treated him as a degraded minister. The whole English Communion considered him degraded, but Judge Williams said he was not. The Chancellor notified us that an appeal had been taken to the State Supreme Court. The Convention endorsed the Chancellor's report and continued the Committee. The Board of Missions made a mournful report, \$700 less than the preceding year, only a little over \$2,000.

The attempt was made to instruct the delegates to the General Convention to vote in favor of any canon passed by the House of Bishops forbidding the elevation of the Elements in any way that could imply adoration, also forbidding any Celebration without others than the celebrant to receive, and the use of hymns, prayers or Scripture other than those in the Prayer Book. This was instantly squelched, being laid on the table by a clerical vote of forty-four to two and a lay vote of fifteen parishes to four. The salary of the new Bishop was fixed at four thousand dollars, and we resolved, as we had often done before, that the Diocese ought to be divided.

During the Convention the last diary of the departed Bishop was read. It was a most astonishing record of laborious and unceasing work. He speaks in it of the meetings of the clergy at his house for the purpose of studying the Holy Bible. Well do I remember those delightful hours. I never heard a lecturer on Scripture who could compare with Bishop Whitehouse. We met whenever the Bishop had a moment to give us, generally once a fortnight in the winter. We brought our Greek Testaments and listened to his brilliant exegesis, and he always gave us an excellent lunch. These meetings extended over two years. The Bishop speaks also in this diary of the effort he made in the State of New York to have the common schools free, and he attributes the success of that movement to his own efforts and those of a protestant minister, Dr. Edwards, of Rochester.

As soon as the election of Dr. Seymour was known to the Church there commenced in the secular and religious papers a perfect hail of letters and articles and questions and gossip of all kinds. Unfortunately for the Diocese of Illinois, and it is unfortunate for any diocese, the confirmation of the election of our Bishop was thrown by the time limitation into the General Convention which was to meet in New York in October, and the rumor grew each day bigger that fierce opposition was to be made to that confirmation on the ground of Ritualism, a wondrous Bug-a-boo of that time, so that the delegates from the Diocese went there with the full knowledge that a fight would have to be made.

Among the delegates was Dr. Edward Sullivan and the opposition candidate to Seymour in this election, and afterward Bishop of Algoma. He had signed the testimonials of Seymour, certifying thereby that he considered him a fit person to be Bishop of Illinois. When he did that I, pursuing a course I have always pursued since I had any influence, used all that influence to have Dr. Sullivan put on the delegation to General Convention, thinking it magnanimous to give the minority one representative. Dr. Sullivan used these very words to me when he saw what I intended: "Do not be afraid, Locke, I will give no trouble." I had bitter cause to regret my magnanimity. By my vote and those of my friends he was elected a delegate and we had no suspicion that he would not stand by his brother delegates. Imagine our astonishment to find on our arrival in New York Dr. Sullivan arrayed in the very front rank of Dr. Seymour's opponents, and it was his position and his efforts quite as much as the tremendous struggles of Bishop Coxé and William Welsh that caused the rejection of the man our Diocese

had chosen. He made a speech against Seymour that lasted a whole day, and he then had the cheek to endeavor to interrupt me who wished to speak but half an hour. The outcry in the Convention, however, silenced him immediately. I have never been able to excuse Dr. Sullivan's conduct and he evidently felt afterward much ashamed of it, for in the next General Convention where he appeared in the ranks of the Canadian delegation, and had to make a speech, he took occasion to say in it that he did not have the scarlet fever half as badly now as he had three years ago. We took this as a sort of lame apology for what I considered then, and consider now, his disloyal and ungentlemanly conduct. The other members of the delegation were a unit. A feeble protest against Seymour's confirmation was sent from Chicago during the Convention signed by a few well known Low Churchmen, but it fell flat and is probably now forgotten by those who signed it.

It was on the fourteenth of October that the resolution was offered by the Committee on the Consecration of Bishops "That this House proceed to confirm the election of Dr. Seymour as Bishop of Illinois." As is usual, we immediately went into secret session and we discussed the case in that way until the twenty-second. It was very amusing to read in the Chicago papers that poor Sullivan had instigated and brought about this secret session. He has sins enough on his shoulders in the Seymour case without saddling him with that. It is the invariable rule and a very proper one.

Although many years have passed I remember all the brilliant debate, and, as far as all outward appearances went, its courteous and temperate character. I also remember the folly, the silliness, the weakness, of much that was said against our candidate. The whole Church was very much excited at that time on the subject of Ritualism, as it is likely soon to be again, and so the charges made against Seymour as to his holding exaggerated views about confession and the rendering of the service were very pertinent and made a great impression. We asked, where is the printed sermon, the word written or spoken, where is the testimony of any witness that he holds or teaches such extreme views? Nothing could be produced except a crude fragment of a young seminary student's vealy essay, which it was said Seymour did not condemn, and that he had presented the young man for ordination. It was conclusively shown that the young man had abjured the follies of his essay and had been accepted as perfectly satisfactory to the very conservative Bishop who ordained him. Then the terrible charge was made that he remained on his knees during the whole time of communion. My readers will laugh when I tell them that this was received with shuddering horror by Seymour's opponents. William Welsh and Dr. Cooper Mead spoke of it with trembling voice as a damnable thing. If it had not been so serious the bringing in as testimony from Ritualistic old maids rejoicing over Seymour's election would have been received with shouts of laughter. Then Seymour's hasty temper was alleged. Now he has got a hasty temper and no one who knows him could say he has not, but as quite a number of bishops already in the field could surpass him in that point it really did not seem of much weight. Then it was said he was constantly in hot water at the Seminary. Those of us who knew some of his colleagues did not wonder at that; angels would have been likely to have fusses with them. It was even used as an argument, if you can believe me, that his intimate friends were Ritualists. I remember meeting the present Bishop of Chicago in the portico of St. John's Church on coming out of a secret session, and he was in a pretty rage over the report of all this silly nonsense which had filtered through the doors. Toward the close of the debate Seymour's foes played their trump card, a letter from Bishop Coxé affirming that Seymour had allowed the Reverend Charles Grafton, the present Bishop of Fond du Lac, to

lecture to his students in a private room. Seymour affirmed over his own signature in a note read to the Convention that he knew nothing about this and never gave any permission for it. Each gave the other the lie direct, and you can believe either Coxe or Seymour. I prefer to believe Seymour for many reasons. Many things which are amusing now were most annoying then, such as the long statements read to the Convention by Dr. Stringfellow, who had interviewed Seymour and asked him a dozen: "Did you ever do thus and so?" "No, I never did." Dr. Seymour up in Chelsea Square fumed in vain over all these mosquito bites. The Seymour party felt it would be unwise to let Dr. DeKoven speak, he being so tarred with the same stick of Ritualism, and DeKoven chafed greatly at being kept back. Seymour applied to the House for leave to address it but very properly it was refused him. Men of all shades of Churchmanship pleaded for him and prompt and forcible were the efforts for justice, but all in vain. It was thought necessary to throw a tub to the Low Church whale and, as Dr. Seymour was the most convenient tub, overboard he went. He was rejected on the vote by dioceses. Numerically the vote stood 145 in favor to 140 against, but votes in that House were not counted that way. A little one-horse diocese with one clerical and one lay delegate present has a vote equal to the Diocese of New York with eight delegates present. All the dioceses in the State of New York where Seymour's whole life had been passed, voted for him, but Arkansas, Easton and Delaware were opposed.

We felt very sore in the Diocese of Illinois and in a sermon I preached on my return I asserted bluntly that not a single charge against Seymour would hold water, and that great injustice had been done him and us. I was, however, careful to say that the Convention had not exceeded its province, and that we must be patient under the blow. I did not feel very patient myself. How absurd the whole thing now seems with both Seymour²³ and Grafton²⁴ honored bishops! It was simply a popular fury against Ritualism. One of the absurdest things about it was that this same Convention passed Bishop Welles.²⁵ Is there any human being acute enough to state the difference in the views of the two men!

Of course a special Convention was summoned for the election of a bishop and that met in the Cathedral, February 3, 1875. Many of us entered that Convention with sore hearts smarting under a sense of great injustice. Others saw in recent events a special interposition of Providence to save the Diocese from a Ritualistic bishop. The friends of Seymour had resolved now to dare that which they had before timidly hesitated to do. They resolved to take the bull by the horns and to nominate the man of their choice, the man whom the whole West at heart thought the best possible man in the Church for any diocese, James DeKoven. This, however, had not been resolved upon without first asking Dr. Seymour whether he would permit his name to be used again in this Convention. We assured him that it was absolutely certain he could be elected. He replied in a pungent and characteristic letter that he declined to allow the use of his name as he felt certain it could only raise new questions and stir up more strife. In this letter he gave Sullivan a thrust which must have gone deep between the joints of his armor; I cannot resist quoting some of his words: "My decision to accept the high office was greatly influenced by the fact that the opposing candidate in the election had signed my testimonials and was one of

²³The Rt. Rev. George Franklin Seymour, 1st Bishop of Springfield (1878-1906).

²⁴The Rt. Rev. Charles Chapman Grafton, Bishop of Fond du Lac (1889-1912).

²⁵The Rt. Rev. Edward Randolph Welles, Bishop of Milwaukee (1874-1888).

the Committee of Invitation who pledged to me in the event of my acceptance of the Episcopate a cordial welcome and hearty support. I felt assured by the presence of his name that the opposition in the Convention was simply such as is very likely to appear in every large body of men, and that when the election was made all parties gracefully, cheerfully and magnanimously acquiesced in the result." He also uttered these prophetic words: "The course pursued toward me by my brethren of the House of Clerical and Lay Delegates will not, I have firm faith to believe, be sustained by the sober second thought of the present generation or the impartial judgment of posterity." He was right, and in less than three years he was consecrated Bishop of Springfield. For one, I thought this decision of Dr. Seymour very wise and it was a guide to me in my action on a subsequent occasion. This correspondence between Seymour and the Seymourians was brought before the Convention and was referred to a Committee of which I was a member, and later on in the Convention this Committee made a long and exhaustive report on the powers of Standing Committees and General Conventions in the confirmation of a bishop elect. I cannot go into an examination of that paper; it threshed over again very old straw. Every student of Church law is familiar with the arguments on both sides of that thorny question. This paper took the ground that the Convention had greatly exceeded its powers. It was an able document, I do not remember who drew it up. Dr. Cushman was the chairman of the Committee but he never could have written that. I think now, the battle being in the dim past, that it was an unwise declaration. It stirred up bad feeling all over the country and told against us very greatly in the consideration of the case of Dr. DeKoven by the Standing Committees. It made them in many cases (and I do not speak unadvisedly) determined to show that they had the power and meant to exercise it. We were, however, all too excited and too prejudiced to think much about the effect of anything we did.

There being no Bishop, the Standing Committee furnished the list of clergymen and parishes entitled to vote in the election of a bishop and we were no sooner organized than one member of that Committee read a written protest against three names on the list of clerical voters, our present dearly beloved Secretary, Luther Pardee, was one, F. Jones and Herbert Root the two others. The objection was that these clerics had not been personally and canonically resident in the Diocese for the six preceding months, and during that time entitled to a vote in Convention, as the Canon in the case provided they should be. This was referred to the Committee on Privilege. That Committee reported that these clerics lacked only thirty-five days of the six months' residence, and that all three had been canonically and personally resident as candidates for orders for at least two years, and that "during six months" did not mean the whole six months but within that time. They cited to support this position that every settled clergyman is immediately entitled to a seat in Convention. Their resolution was that we sustain the Standing Committee. This resolution was then adopted by 32 to 24 clerical, 31 to 24 lay votes. It certainly would have been a great hardship to have denied these three priests, well known to us all and working among us, an opportunity to vote, and, while I could not quite agree with the report, for six months lacking thirty-five days are not six months, yet I voted for it and felt justified in doing so. This ambiguity in the phrase "during six months" has been since remedied by inserting the word "all".

This matter being settled, a resolution was introduced to strike out from the Third Rule of Order the words "An equal division of the lay delegates from a congregation shall neutralize the vote of such congregation." This resolution was offered by the Low Church party with a hope of thus killing some lay votes

for DeKoven, as several parish delegations were divided. This resolution was immediately laid on the table, as was proper, for these words are, I presume, to be found in every diocesan Rules of Order, as they certainly are in those of the General Convention. This over a resolution was introduced "That the Chancellor of the Diocese is not entitled to vote for Bishop". This was laid on the table, as it should have been, for the Canons of the Diocese state expressly that the Chancellor of the Diocese is ex-officio a member of the Convention with all the privileges of lay membership. While this was and still is the law, I think it a most unjust law. It gives one man the very same power as that of the most important parish in the Diocese, with five members present in Convention. I hope it will be repealed before we have another Chancellor, and nothing but my regard for the late Chancellor preventing my moving its repeal long before this. The vote of the Chancellor of the Cathedral was also challenged, but the Chair very justly refused to entertain the challenge as he represented the Cathedral congregation, which certainly had as much right to vote as any other.

These questions of privilege being now adjusted we proceeded to the election. Dr. DeKoven was nominated by Dr. George Cushman who made some most unwise and violent reflections on the action of the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. What he said was true enough but it should never have been said. Equally unwise were Mr. Judd's words: "I know of certain dioceses where bishops are ready to withdraw from the General Convention if this thing goes on." I felt at the time, and events justified me, that all such talk would be used against us. The Reverend Dr. Leeds of Baltimore was the only other candidate nominated. An excellent man and a dear friend of mine, but how far below Dr. de Koven in every way. On the very first ballot the clergy elected Dr. DeKoven; 67 votes cast; necessary to a choice 34; DeKoven 37, Leeds 29. His name then went to the laity who refused to concur: 28 ayes, 32 noes. Again the clergy elected Dr. DeKoven: 38 DeKoven, 26 Leeds, 2 Fulton. Again the laity refused to concur. On the third ballot DeKoven was again elected by the clergy: 39 DeKoven, 27 Leeds, and this time the laity concurred. Thirty necessary to a choice: 31 DeKoven, 28 noes. The President then declared Dr. James DeKoven duly elected Bishop of Illinois. Of course I rejoiced greatly over the outcome. No one knew better than I the greatness and the power of the man elected, but my rejoicing had in it a drop of misgiving. I felt sure that a shade of suspicion would rest in the minds of many on the legality of the votes of Pardee, Root and Jones, and that it was most unfortunate the lay majority was made by the vote of the Chancellor. I hoped, however, for the best. Scarcely was the Convention over when the minority sent to all the Standing Committees a memorial against the confirmation of Dr. DeKoven on the following grounds: "That he is, in our judgment, justly liable to evil report for error in religion; that his soundness in the faith is at least so far doubtful as to form an impediment to his consecration within the meaning of the Canon, and that his consecration would be disastrous to the Church. Further, that Dr. DeKoven was not elected a bishop by the Convention of the Diocese of Illinois agreeably to the rule fixed by the Convention of that Diocese." I have spoken of this minority once as the "Low Church Party", but it is by no means a fair distinction. Certainly a party containing the two Morrisons, father and son, Dr. Phillips of Kankakee, Dr. Leffingwell, Dr. Sidney Corbett, Holcomb, Marsh, Chase and others, could not be called with any justice "Low Church", they were simply afraid of Ritualism just then making its way to be an accepted party in the Church.

Now began a very witches' dance of newspaper articles and letters on the Bishop-Elect of Illinois, things true and untrue, and in all cases greatly

exaggerated. He had bold defenders, but he had most virulent accusers. Silently and with dignity he bore the cross of misrepresentation. Long before the time of meeting of our regular annual Convention it was known that the Standing Committees had rejected Dr. DeKoven. The grounds of rejection of many of them were communicated to me. Some were on account of doctrine, some on account of doubts about the legality of the election, some because they would not be bullied by the Diocese of Illinois. At all events, the thing was done and the bitterness of our spirits was made more bitter. I happened to preach a sermon on the election of Dr. DeKoven in which I spoke, as was natural, of all the bad effects our long orphanage and the difficulties thrown in our way were having upon the Diocese, and I pictured in colors, doubtless shaded by my own sad feelings, our crying needs. A leading Church paper made great capital out of this sermon as showing what a miserably poor, fractious, divided Diocese Illinois was. Of course it was a direct twisting of words which had been spoken in quite another sense, but that journal was an adept in the twisting business and certainly twisted a rope for its own hanging. Of course the Diocese fermented and seethed with excitement, and as soon as it was certain that our Elect had been rejected a number of his friends avowed their intention of again proposing his name at the General Convention and voting for him. I was not of that number, and because I would not take that course I was very severely blamed by many, and while he never said so, and while the tender relations of friendship between us never were broken, yet I have always thought DeKoven expected that I would have joined those who insisted on again putting him forward. I have never said much about this, and never attempted to answer the ugly remarks that came to my ears, but I felt most deeply the painful position in which I was placed. I had to choose between my feelings and my duty. On the one hand every beat of my heart prompted me to stand by DeKoven. I loved him dearly, and, more than that, I considered him the very best man in the world for the place to which he had been chosen. On the other hand ranged itself my duty to the Diocese of Illinois, disordered, torn by factions, suffering terribly for the want of a head without which the Church is the most helpless body in the world. "It must have a head" was above all else on my mind. I felt as sure as I did of my own existence that if we elected DeKoven again not only all the committees which had before rejected him would repeat their action, but many who had favored him would go over to the other side. I knew this from letters I, myself, received, and from others which were shown me, for letters hailed into the Diocese on this point. How could I lend my name, which it would be idle to say was an unimportant name, to a new scene of discord, new delays, and more aggravated difficulties? I prayed over this thing and agnized over it. My duty seemed clear and I resolved to do it. It cost me much in many ways and in the Convention I met with cold looks and ill disguised anger from men who before had been my warmest friends. Thank God that feeling soon passed away from the breasts of all but one or two who never forgave me. I have never for a moment felt that I acted wrongly and DeKoven, knowing it to be a conscientious conviction, never allowed it to interfere with our friendship.

The Annual Convention met in the Cathedral September sixteenth, 1875. Fifty-eight clergy were present and forty-two parishes were represented. Of the fifty-eight present, thirty-eight are now dead, although only twenty-three years have passed. How lonely all these deaths sometimes make one feel! Only ten of the fifty-eight are now connected with the Diocese. The very moment we were organized a letter was read from Dr. DeKoven. It was a long and important letter. He began by saying that he knew from common rumor of his rejection by a large majority of the Standing Committees, and that he felt sure they had done so from a belief that he held unsound views on the Eucharist. This belief, he .

said, was based upon a quotation (generally wrested from its context) from a speech he had made in the General Convention of 1871. Four times in public, the letter continued, he had pointed out that the Church papers were misrepresenting his views, but his efforts had been fruitless. He, however, considered this Convention the time and place to restate them. He then went into a long and elaborate statement of the Holy Eucharist which does not differ in the main from that held by all well instructed High Churchmen, and, as far as I know, is thoroughly endorsed and held by our Diocesan and a number of other bishops. It is this: "Our Lord is present in the Eucharist sacramentally and spiritually and thus really and truly." He stated definitely what he meant by Eucharistic Adoration and said that the Church to which he submitted himself should direct what outward act of worship should be shown this sacramental Presence. He then made use of the following words, to me perfectly unanswerable: "No one could seriously maintain that any doctrine could be condemned by a majority of forty-five distinct bodies like the Standing Committees who have never received any authority in matters of faith and before whom the doctrinal question has never been argued, nor even fully considered. This were to usurp the functions of a Synod and to do what no Synod of the Church of God ever dared to do without argument, consideration, and testimony." He then cleverly touched the point that certainly no priest should be allowed to teach anything that it was wrong in a bishop to teach. One of two things, he said, must be true: either he had been rejected on insufficient grounds and the free choice of the Diocese interfered with, or else he was amenable to trial and was a disloyal presbyter. In the former case it would seem to be the duty of the Diocese, for its own sake, and for the sake of the independence of dioceses, believing that a great cause has been committed to it, to maintain its rights as long as it may and to submit only under solemn protest. "To give up the presbyter you have elected, to make no further effort to correct the known misrepresentation of misunderstanding of his views, to regard the decision of the Standing Committees as final before any attempt has been made to show them the truth", would, he said, seem to many like acknowledging the accusation against him and they would, naturally, feel it dishonorable to leave him thus accused and undefended. He then acknowledged that he knew the case to be hopeless and that a new election could only result as disastrously as the first. He then used these words which, to one who reads between the lines, show that after all he thought that he ought to be re-elected: "It might, indeed, be said that even a renewed consideration ought to be submitted to, and that the Diocese ought to maintain its right of choice and the presbyter whom it believes to be unjustly rejected, through whatever difficulties." There were, however, he said, grave considerations to be thought of and one was that Illinois ought not to have to wait for misconceptions to be removed before it could have a bishop. His next sentences went like an arrow straight to my heart: "Torn, then, as generous hearts must be by conflicting duties, drawn in one way by grave constitutional rights and tender personal considerations, drawn in another by the needs and sorrows of this stricken Diocese, I feel it my duty to adopt a course which leaves at least unharmed the great principles involved." Then protesting solemnly against his rejection he withdrew his acceptance of the election and implored the Convention "to elect some other presbyter". This letter was the work of a master hand and, while it distinctly declined a re-election, it just as distinctly stated that he had been wronged, and it would not be surprising if his friends tried to right him. It had that effect on some who before hearing it had resolved not to vote for DeKoven if his name came up. I was deeply moved by it, but neither I nor many others felt we could change our well considered decision. DeKoven's own words, "the needs and sorrows of the stricken Diocese", weighed overpoweringly

on our minds. This letter of DeKoven was immediately referred to a special committee.

We now come to the election. A motion was made to exclude the Chancellor from voting. It was laid on the table. A similar motion to debar the Cathedral was declared out of order. On the first ballot the Reverend W. E. McLaren received 30 votes and Dr. DeKoven 22, but as 31 were necessary to a choice another ballot was taken. On this ballot Dr. McLaren received 39 votes and Dr. DeKoven 14. Dr. McLaren was thus elected by the clergy and his name was immediately submitted to the laity who approved it on one ballot, he receiving 55 out of 58 votes. He was then declared the Bishop Elect of Illinois. Immediately the ball began to roll against confirming him and the bishop who had meddled with the Seymour election, and who afterward meddled with the meeting of the General Convention in Chicago, commenced meddling about this confirmation. Attempts were made to induce the Bishop-Elect to make statements of doctrine, but we who know him know that he is about the last man in the world to be caught in such a trap. He was silent as the grave. He was almost unanimously confirmed, and has long presided happily over a united and prosperous Diocese. Thanks be to God.

Let us now speak of some other noticeable things in the Convention and the Diocese. I often felt during the last two years of which I have been speaking, the forces of Shakespeare's words, "A mad world, my masters", as I looked over the Diocese of Illinois.

The Standing Committee in their report stated that they had not ordered a general visitation of the Diocese as they wished to husband its resources. They told us in justification that the bonded debt was at last extinguished. I am sure that all my readers will rejoice that this miserable, moss-grown, tottering Bonded Debt had at last sunk to its well merited repose. The report of the Board of Missions was sad enough; the receipts now had sunk to \$1,468, and two quarters' salary were now due the sixteen missionaries. We immediately robbed Peter to pay Paul and took \$600 out of the Diocesan Fund to square up the missionary accounts. The Committee on Dr. DeKoven's letter brought in a report expressing their admiration of his letter and ending with a resolution "That this Convention records this expression of its unchanged confidence in the entire soundness in the faith, the unshaken loyalty to the Church, and the eminent fitness for the Episcopate of the Reverend James DeKoven." I am sorry to say that this resolution was not adopted unanimously on a vote by orders. The vote stood 39 to 12 cleric, and 25 to 13 lay. We then relieved our minds by giving a parting kick to all the Standing Committees, which they took good naturedly. The Chancellor reported that the matter of the Christ Church property was still in debate, and was to be argued in the Appellate Court next January. He did not, however, tell us what really had happened to the Christ Church property, though we all had heard of the sharp trick that had been played on us. There had been a mortgage on that property on which the interest had been regularly paid. In 1874 the vestry, with malice propense, defaulted on the interest, and the property was immediately offered for sale to pay the mortgage. It was sold at the Court House door to William Aldrich, a vestryman, for \$9,000 subject to the mortgages. Forthwith Mr. Aldrich leased his property to the Reformed Episcopal Church. Christ Church, therefore, had no property and any further litigation was useless. We had been so much engrossed with our election that it was not until the last day of the Convention that a committee of seven were appointed to report to the next Convention such plans for the division

of the Diocese as seemed to them most expedient. The Layman's Relief Society, which had barely breathed ever since its birth, and which long ago moldered away in a forgotten tomb, made a report that it had collected fifty-seven dollars. As one hundred and twelve were to be paid on the death of any clergyman the prospects were not reassuring.

I have brought these reminiscences up to the consecration of the present Bishop in 1875. It is my purpose at some future time to continue them. The following years are full of interesting experiences and, thank God, are entirely free from faction and strife. My beloved Diocese has gone on, like its chief city, gaining in power and strength, and if it can be preserved from the extravagancies of ritual, especially in small places, I see no reason why it should not become before many years, second only to the Diocese of New York as a factor in bringing the people of our country closer to our Divine Head. The number of faithful men and women now anxious and eager to do the Church service increases every year and contrasts wonderfully with the paucity of such service in the early years of my ministry.

PART TWO:
BISHOP McLAREN'S EPISCOPATE

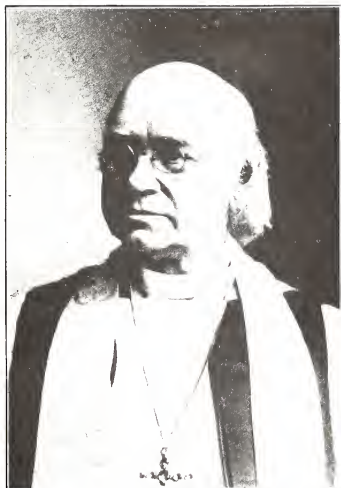


Photo by Gibson, Sikes & Fowler.

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM E. McLAREN
BISHOP OF ILLINOIS (CHICAGO)
1875 - 1905

PART TWO:

THE EPISCOPATE OF BISHOP McLAREN

What a sigh of relief went up from the whole Diocese of Illinois, I may say from the whole Church, when the long agony was over and the Bishop-Elect was confirmed. We heard from many exalted quarters that we had chosen a tyro, that our candidate knew nothing about the Church, etc. One almost bursts into laughter when he thinks of any of these epithets applying to Bishop McLaren, who, on the very day of his election, was more thoroughly grounded in the Catholic faith than many a bishop born into the purple. He had not made the "great renunciation" without understanding perfectly what he was about to do and why he did it.¹

His consecration was fixed for December 8th, 1875, and on that day the momentous event took place in the Cathedral in Chicago. The Presiding Bishop was the Bishop of Michigan, Bishop McCoskry, who had confirmed Bishop McLaren and ordained him both deacon and priest. Alas, how little we thought then, that soon an awful scandal would overwhelm that venerable and much beloved prelate.²

The Cathedral was far too small to accommodate all who wanted to get in, but as the whole service was under the direction of Canon Knowles, it is needless to say that everything was well done, and there was no hitch anywhere.

The Bishops present, besides Bishop McCoskry were Clarkson, Whipple, Welles, Bedell, Talbot, Spalding and Gillespie. The attending presbyters were the present Bishop of Nebraska and the Rev. James Bolles of Cleveland. I read the certificate from the diocese electing. The preacher was Welles, the Bishop of Wisconsin. It was a forcible feeble effort, and made no impression on me or on anyone else, as far as I know. It made some of us smile to see, walking side by side in the procession, Drs. Sullivan and DeKoven, over whose names we had battled in the Convention.

As this was the first time the great majority of the clergy and the great body of the laity had ever seen Bishop McLaren, there was the greatest curiosity. He bore himself with the dignity which is natural to him, and made the very best impression, even on the reporters.

Without any consideration for the long and exhausting service to the new Bishop, some people had the bad taste to bring children to be baptized by him before he could leave the church!

In the evening there was a service in St. James Church, and the newly consecrated Bishop preached the sermon. The text was very significant, S. John XX:21, "Then said Jesus to them again: Peace be unto you, as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you". If ever a diocese had need of peace, ours had, for at the

¹Bishop McLaren was a convert from Presbyterianism.

²McCoskry resigned his see in 1878 under rumors of a personal scandal.

very moment of the sermon it was simply a congeries of cliques, presided over by some of the queerest people imaginable. The preaching of this sermon must have been a trying ordeal for the new bishop, but he did not show it and was thoroughly at his ease. He was too wise a man to make the slightest allusion to the Diocese, and the sermon was just a splendid presentation of the mission of the Church. I have heard him preach many fine sermons, but never one finer than that. It was thought long, but bishops cannot help that, lengthiness is imparted to them in some mysterious way at their election!

After the service there was a reception for the very weary Bishop at the house of Julius Rumsey, opposite the Church. The reporters wrote about it the following curious sentence: "Among those present were many of the clergy who had been defeated in a persistent effort to meet the newly consecrated Bishop in the narrow vestry." The vestry-room of St. James was indeed a pitch-black hole and nothing more.

1 8 7 6.

The 39th Convention assembled in the Cathedral on September 12th. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Harris, afterward the Bishop of Michigan. Having been accustomed for so many years to sit under a presiding officer who was "facile princeps" in that line, we were very curious to see how our new chairman would discharge that rather difficult duty. It did not take us more than half an hour to realize that the mantle of Elijah had fallen upon Elisha and that we had lost nothing by the change. Indeed, I have always considered the present Bishop the superior presiding officer, for he has ever been able to cut short a tiresome debate, which Bishop Whitehouse never could do. He often allowed personalities to pass, which I am sure Bishop McLaren would not for a moment permit.

On the first day of the Convention, up rose an old friend always called by an honored member, the "filly oak", and clamored for our attention, but we stood him off. The Missionary Board made a long and mournful report. After piteous printed appeals, again and again put forth, \$3,000 had been raised. The report seemed to think this encouraging. It is hard to see why. It ended by recommending earnestly the present system of pledges, which I may say in passing was on my motion adopted by the Convention, has continued to be the successful policy of the Diocese to this hour, and has been copied in many dioceses. I was much amused to read the other day (1901) in a Church paper that this plan had been just invented by the Diocese of Montana! These pledges produced nearly \$6,000, double the sum given the year before.

To punish me for not giving countenance to the presentation of Dr. DeKoven's name a second time, his warm partisans dropped me from the delegation to the General Convention; but as it was an off year, it did not make a particle of difference. Like Charlotte, I "went on eating bread and butter," and the next year I was put back and remained on the delegation until 1898, when my ill-health forced me to decline any further duty.

The Chancellor of the Diocese reported herculean labors in the Cheney case. The record of the case contained, he said, 2,500 legal cap pages of writing; the abstract, 257 large octavo pages in print, and the printed argument 52 pages large octavo. He ended his report by crying: "There is every reason to believe that the decision of the court will be in favor of the Diocese and against those

who shamefully and wickedly rebelled against the Church and set at defiance her laws." However, the decision was exactly the reverse of what the Chancellor hoped.

We debated, as we have always done and still continue to do, the best date for holding Conventions. The Bishop in his address strongly hinted that May or June would be far preferable to September, which was then our time. He used the unanswerable argument that over thirty of the Dioceses meet in May or June. We took the first constitutional steps toward changing to the last Tuesday in May.

The Bishop's address was heard with the greatest attention and was well worth it. To show the growth of the Church in the Diocese, he stated that in the nine months since his consecration, he had confirmed more persons than Bishop Chase had in the whole seventeen years of his episcopate. He showed an astonishing amount of labor accomplished. He outlined improvements in the Cathedral, which under God he has been able to carry out, even more fully than he then thought possible. One point was the raising of the Cathedral, then below the level of the street, and very much dwarfed in consequence. He was greatly aided in accomplishing this by a generous provision of his predecessor, who directed that some life insurance he had, some \$2,000, be paid over to his successor in office for the purpose. He did not say much about the division of the diocese, but announced his approval of a speedy division. On that subject the Convention appointed a committee, and their work soon bore fruit. He dwelt at length upon a subject which has always been very near his heart. The missionary work of the Diocese. We all went away from the Convention convinced that we had chosen no "tyro", no "Presbyterian", no "fledgling in the Church" (I quote some of the pretty titles given him), but a man of wisdom, experience, sound Churchmanship and deep earnestness. Time has only justified our conclusions.

1 8 7 7.

This was a quiet year for the Diocese, Thank God there was no great excitement and no disturbing causes. The only marked thing in the annual convention, sitting for three days, as yet, was the adoption of definite and practical resolutions about the division of the Diocese. The time of meeting was changed from September to the last Tuesday in May, and the first constitutional steps were taken toward holding the election for deputies to General Conventions only on the year of the meeting of that body.

The Board of Missions reported an expenditure of nearly \$6,000, and now for the first time in some years we felt encouraged. The Board recommended, as well it might, that the pledge system be continued.

The fad of woman suffrage in the parishes was now, I think, for the first time, thrust upon us by a well-meaning member of the Convention, who said in his speech advocating the measure: "that it always went against his grain to hear the sentence, Man that is born of woman," etc., said over a woman in the Burial Service. He was speedily enlightened as to the use of the word there and in other parts of the Bible.

The Bishop in his address, and the Convention by resolution, tried to bolster up the dying "Layman's Relief Society", but "doctors was in vain."

The Bishop stated in his address that by means of the insurance money bequeathed by the late Bishop, supplemented by gifts from several generous laymen, he had been able to raise the Cathedral to grade. He spoke of the difficulty of supporting the Cathedral, and it had to be spoken of for many years before the Diocese recognized at all that it was a great Missionary Institution, and well deserved the liberal appropriation it now enjoys. The Bishop spoke most pertinently and practically about the division of the Diocese, and his words crystalized the floating ideas of all kinds of people. We saw exactly what ought to be done. It was soon accomplished. He also spoke of the length of the Province which the three new diocese would form. I judge from what I have heard him say and what I have observed that the Province business has been a great disappointment to him. I thought it would be so from the first, and tried all I could to prevent its formation, not that I did not believe in provinces, but not of that kind, nor made in that way.

The published diary of the Bishop showed a tremendous amount of work. The final steps were taken at the Convention for the change from September to May in the meeting time of the Annual Conventions. For it, 51 clergy, 24 laymen; against it, 4 clergy, and 4 laymen. This was a most important year for the Diocese, for in it at last the egg was hatched over which we had so long brooded.

In October the General Convention met in Boston. The Illinois delegation presented our petition for division into the present three dioceses. We could not present entirely satisfactory resources for the support of the new bodies, and up to this date, (1901) they are both ecclesiastical paupers; but we could show the map of Illinois, and the utter impossibility of one Bishop administering the whole state. There was a general desire to oblige us, even if a point had to be stretched, for the members of the Convention felt that pretty hard justice had been dealt out to us of late years. The opposition in the Lower House of a few men was very amusing to the Westerners, for it showed such a dense ignorance of the West, its needs, its circumstances. The principal speaker in the opposition was Dr. Harwood of New Haven, who knew as much about the West as he did about cuneiform inscriptions. He talked a great deal about the little band of "priestlets" who would make up these new Dioceses, and his remarks on the whole were insulting as well as ridiculous. In my reply to his speech, I said it reminded me of the report of the middy, who was sent by his master to investigate the manners and customs of a certain savage island. He stayed on shore about half an hour, and then rowing back to the ship, reported, "manners none, customs beastly." On a part with the middy's knowledge of the island, was, I said, Dr. Harwood's knowledge of the Diocese of Illinois.

Bishop McLaren, in his address in 1878, made the following witty and pointed remarks about his opposition: "The great things for which we asked and the comparative statistical weakness of the proposed subdivisions, were the occasion if not the apology for a certain depreciating tone on the part of an order of minds, who, with limited personal observation of the country, indulge the amiable impression that if we do not worship literally in 'God's first temples', our churches are still built of the unhewn logs of the forest. Subsequent experiences from various sources confirm the presumption that in the State, it is difficult for many to realize the westward progress of the star of empire. This untravelled self-sufficiency may be permitted to indulge its impressions so flattering to itself, but its influence will diminish as fresh powers assert themselves."

Our petition was granted. The long-desired had come to pass, and the three Dioceses of Illinois, Quincy and Springfield were born. Some may ask, "Why do you say Diocese of Illinois? Was it not always the Diocese of Chicago?" No, we were too wise to ask for too much at once, we got the division and then we waited until the next General Convention to present the unanswerable argument that it was absurd for one little corner to be called by the name of the whole state. You may think we were over-careful, but we were walking on eggs and were afraid of breaking some. General Conventions were very chary then about naming sees after cities. They preferred the N.N.E. and the W. by S., and we wished to wake as few sleeping dogs as possible. The West at that time had not the eminent place in the Church it now holds. Antiquated fossils spoke of us as "that troublesome belt of divisions", but they have learned that we hold more than the balance of power.

The division was granted in October; and on the 11th of December of that year, Bishop McLaren organized the Diocese of Quincy, and on the 18th, the Diocese of Springfield. The former elected as its Bishop, Dr. Harris, then Rector of St. James, Chicago, and afterward the Bishop of Michigan. He declined, and he was wise, for he was too large a fish for so small a puddle. The latter elected Dr. Seymour, our late lamented candidate, but he also declined. The Diocese of Springfield, however, was determined to have him, and the very day of the meeting of our Convention, it re-elected him. He accepted and was confirmed. He had not changed one iota of his views, was exactly the same Churchman he was when we elected him, and yet the Church hastened to confirm him. Consistency, thou art a jewel.

1 8 7 8.

A special Convention of the Diocese of Quincy was called for February 26th, 1878, and the Rev. Dr. Burgess of Springfield, Massachusetts, was elected Bishop, and even like St. Lawrence of old, was stretched on the gridiron.

I do not intend to touch at all upon the history of our sister dioceses, except to say that the conventions of both dioceses were meeting at the same time as ours, Tuesday, May 28th. How strange the Convention looked to me and a few others, nearly all of whom are now under the sod. There were only 38 clergy present, and we missed some well-known faces from both the clerical and lay ranks. Probably the one we missed the most was Dr. Samuel Chase, our Senior Presbyterian. He belonged to the new Diocese of Quincy, and had taken part in its organization; but God had removed him on January 15th of this year, from the battle to the joys of Paradise. The Bishop spoke most feelingly of him. He was not a great man, nor a successful man, as we estimate success; but he was a man of excellent sense, and of very exalted Christian character; and his opinion on matters and things always had great weight in the Diocese. The Bishop did me the honor of appointing me the preacher at this Convention, and I preached a sermon which was extensively printed on "The phantoms which affright the Church" — based on the fright of the Disciples in the boat as Christ walked toward them on the water. I consider it the best sermon I ever preached, although no one is a worse judge of a sermon than the man who writes it. I have despised sermons of mine which produced a great effect, and have hugged others to my breast which fell perfectly flat.

I had been chosen chairman of the committee on the Provincial System at the previous Convention (the Bishop would think twice about appointing me now) and

I presented the report which was based upon conclusions arrived at in a meeting of committees from the three dioceses and the Bishops of Illinois and Quincy in Chicago on May 24th. This report was strained through the committee on Legislation, and the residue was that a committee was appointed to meet soon after Bishop Seymour's consecration and consider a plan for provincial relations between the three Illinois Dioceses, and report to the next Convention. The Convention adopted a most earnest and pointed Report on Temperance. There was to be a central Temperance Society and branches in all the parishes, etc., etc. It all ended in smoke, and I cannot even say: "Stat magni nominis umbra."

The Bishop in his address dwelt very earnestly upon the work of Diocesan Missions, and mentioned a fact which since he often alludes to it, is still rankling in his bosom, that the General Board had cut off its miserable little appropriation of \$1,000 a year for the Diocese of Chicago, and given it to the other two dioceses. He also spoke at length of the rising tide of immorality. It still rises.

The Chancellor of the Diocese made a long report showing that, in spite of the clear showing (and certainly nothing could be clearer) that the money given for Christ Church (Cheney's) had been given in implied trust for a parish belonging to the P. E. Church, the Supreme Court had decided against the claims of the Diocese upon it. The reason why the court so decided, like the Peace of God, passeth understanding; but we were thankful that the court did not stultify itself as one of its predecessors had done and declare Cheney to be still an Episcopal clergyman. It did acknowledge that he had been validly deposed. The Chancellor recommended that parishes convey their property to the Bishop to hold in trust. By our canons, all missions are obliged to do so, and I earnestly wish they could never get the property back. All parishes are also now obliged to state in their charters that their property is held for the use of the P.E. Church in the Diocese, a very wise provision, for some of the old charters are very vague. It would be too much to expect that parishes with large property, held for long years, should at this late date turn over their property to the Bishop to hold in trust. It is sufficient that under the general law of the Church, no consecrated building can be encumbered or removed without the consent of the Bishop and the Standing Committee.

It is interesting to read among the reports of the Lay Readers in 1878 the following words from one we know so well, D. B. Lyman Esq., "During the past year I have read on twelve Sundays, the morning service and a sermon in Emmanuel Church, LaGrange, on one Sunday evening, service and a sermon, and a service and sermon on Ash Wednesday."

1 8 7 9.

This year stands out for me sadly important, for in it I lost the best and dearest friend I ever had, Dr. James DeKoven, Warden of Racine College. His loss, however, was much more than personal, for it was a great loss to the whole American Church, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments. His death was most sudden and unexpected. He had fallen on slippery ice in Milwaukee and badly sprained his foot. The accident confined him to his room, but he seemed to be doing well, and no one felt the slightest alarm. On March 19th he had a stroke of apoplexy and passed suddenly away. The whole Northwest was plunged in grief and a large number of Bishops and Clergy hastened to Racine to pay him the last sad honors. I was one of the pall bearers with others of his classmates.

On the 25th of March a memorial service was held in Grace Church, and as I had then no surpliced choir, Canon Knowles kindly brought over the Cathedral choir. At the request of my Bishop and brother-clergy, I preached the sermon, which was published extensively in England and America. Bishop McLaren, in his convention address this year paid a beautiful tribute to Dr. DeKoven, I shall never forget how his quotation from Milton thrilled me:

"For Lycidas is dead — dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas and hath not left his peer."

The Church very much needs a good life of Dr. DeKoven, for the existing one is a small work, not even touching the fringe of his garment. The Trustees of Racine College wished me to undertake the task, and I would gladly have done it; but John DeKoven, the Doctor's brother, disliked me and objected to it. John DeKoven disliked most things and most people.

This year the boundaries of the deaneries, for a long time in confusion, were settled as we now have them; and I became the Dean of the Northeastern Deanery, which office I still hold and hope to hold until my death. It suits me as a title far better than that shadowy one, "Rector Emeritus" of Grace Church, which I declined to be. A "Rector Emeritus" has to me always typified an old priest meddling constantly with a parish which is no longer his, and beyond that, our canons recognize no such personage.

It was this year also that the first Episcopal residence materialized in Chicago at 255 Ontario Street. It was a gift from Dr. Tolman Wheeler, now in Paradise, a generous giver to every work of the Church and the Founder of The Western Theological Seminary. At that time the house seemed very good and the Bishop lived in it as long as he could stand it. If you will take a look at it, you will see how utterly impossible it is that the Bishop of Chicago should occupy it now. It is rented and the rent goes to the Episcopal fund, and meanwhile the Bishop flits about like Noah's dove. Let us hope that before many years the second city in the United States will be able to show a home -- call it a Palace or See House or Bishop's Residence as you will -- in some degree commensurate with its worth and importance.

We had quite a breezy little discussion in the Convention about St. Andrew's Church, Chicago, which came about in the following way. The old Church of the Atonement, which after the establishment of the Cathedral had tried to live and failed, had been transferred to St. John's. St. John's had also come to its last gasp. Now St. John's parish wished to be born again under the name of St. Andrew's, which was the best and wisest thing to do, and under that name it is still living and growing finely. The Convention heartily sanctioned the change of name, but the committee on privilege, in recommending it, put in the curious clause that hereafter the delegates from St. Andrew's should have seats in the Convention. A good many of us could not see why they should not take their seats immediately. Views on the "Hereafter" were then freely interchanged, and it was not until the next day that the obnoxious word was got out and the St. Andrew's delegates got in.

The dear old Layman's Clerical Aid Society got a new constitution this year. It needed one badly. But the new was as weakly as the old. The Committee on Province reported a Constitution which had been agreed upon in a general committee of the three Illinois Dioceses. The constitution had been presented and adopted in the dioceses of Springfield and Quincy, and our Bishop asked us

to follow suit. The report was referred to the committee on legislation and that committee brought in a majority and a minority report. The majority report recommended that we refuse to sanction the constitution, the objection being to Section 6, which reads as follows: "The Council may exercise all powers not in conflict with the constitution or canons of the General Convention, or with the Constitution of either of the divisions of the province." This seemed to the majority of the committee, six out of eight, to be too vaguely and loosely drawn. The minority report of two recommended the sanction of the constitution *in toto*. There was a long and sharp discussion, into which a great many personalities were injected. A vote by orders was taken on a motion to adopt the majority report, but it was lost on account of the failure of both orders to concur. The whole business was postponed until next year.

The board of missions presented a wretched skeleton of a report. All that they had received from parishes and missions was \$2,153. To show how great has been the growth of interest in that subject, I note that the largest contribution was of St. James, Chicago, \$300. St. Marks, Evanston gave \$25, and LaGrange \$20. What would those parishes think now of such doles?

On the third of December Bishop McLaren gave a reception at his house to the Bishops of Springfield and Quincy, and for the first time we realized that there were three Bishops in Illinois! On every hand there were signs of progress and of the well-being of the Church, and, as far as we were concerned in Chicago, all partisan and rampant Low-Churchism had vanished like an ugly dream.

1 8 8 0.

This year there were 58 clergy canonically resident. Forty-six were present at convention. Very soon after our organization the question of "Provincial Relations", laid over from the year before, came up on a communication from the Diocese of Springfield. That Diocese had modified its words about the powers of the Federal Council, and resolved that only such powers should be exercised as had been approved by General Convention and assented to by three Dioceses. Mr. Judd moved a similar resolution, which the Convention passed on a vote by orders 32 - 2 clergy, 17 - 13 lay. The Bishop in his address intimated that the Convention had been needlessly alarmed about any powers being exercised beyond those provided by a general law, and with that assurance the minority report of last year was put to vote and carried with only one or two dissenting voices. A resolution was tacked on to this report petitioning the General Convention to associate the Dioceses into Provinces. There have been petitions galore of this kind to the General Conventions, but at this date, 1901, the only progress that has been made is a clause in the new Constitution that General Convention can erect Provinces if it sees fit.³

The Committee on Legislation presented a report that the time had come to endow the Episcopate. We are working at it now in 1901.

A Church Building Society was talked about, and a Committee appointed on it. In 1901 it is still "In nubibus."

³The General Convention of 1907 established the present provincial structure.

The Layman's Aid Society gave a feeble kick. It had a fund of \$20. The mission pledges went up a little, to \$3,000 in all. In his address the Bishop spoke cheerfully and hopefully about the Diocese, and he gave a long list of most encouraging details. Among other things he stated that an altar had been put up in the memory of Dr. Chase by his friends, and that other memorials had been contributed in the shape of a reredos, crucifix, altar vases, etc., and that the whole structure gave dignity to the chancel and due honor to the Holy Mysteries. He was right. I do not think that anywhere in the land is there a more impressive altar, and it was all built for a remarkably small sum of money, and done by Chicago workmen. The Bishop said of the Cathedral: "It furnishes an admirable field for useful labor, and it is hoped that ere long an institution of charity may be connected with it, which shall more clearly connect the Cathedral with the Diocese at large. How gloriously have his hopes been realized, and how proud we may well be of the Cathedral as a centre of mission work.

If anyone wishes to know the rules by which the Cathedral is governed he will find them on page 123 of the journal of 1880.

If I am not mistaken this was the first year that a Retreat was held for the clergy; and, if I am not also mistaken, it was the inauguration of that system of retreats which is now common in all parts of this Church. It is only one of several good things for which the whole American Church is indebted to the Diocese of Chicago. I copy the following words from the Bishop's address: "December 10 the Cathedral of S.S. Peter and Paul, being now free from debts, the structure having been raised to the grade of the street, the new altar and reredos being completed, the whole interior decorations renewed, a bell and campanile secured and necessary repairs completed, I had the real pleasure this day of consecrating it to the service of the Blessed and Undivided Trinity, according to the tenor of the Letters of Consecration, of which a copy accompanies this address. Eight of my brethren in the Episcopate were present, viz. The Bishops of Indiana, Missouri, Albany, Wisconsin, Fond du Lac, Iowa, Quincy and Michigan. Of the other Orders, between 50 and 60 participated in the service. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Albany. The Rev. Dr. Locke, President of the Standing Committee, read the request, and the sentence was read for me by Mr. W. F. Whitehouse. In the evening a banquet was given by the laity of the city to the clergy. It is hoped that the example set by the mother Church of the Diocese will soon be followed by all the members of the Church family in Chicago."

This banquet was a very grand and very remarkable affair. It was given in the Tremont House; and even at this length of time, I well remember the excellence of the "menu", and how bright and witty were the speeches, excepting, of course, my own. Our dear friend, able lawyer and useful layman, Edwin Walker, was chairman and toastmaster, and a very admirable one he made. There were 125 guests, and speeches were made by Mr. Walker, Bishop McLaren, Bishop Talbot, Bishop Burgess, Bishop Doane, Judge Drummond, W. F. Whitehouse, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Hibbard, Attorney General Edsall and myself.

I remember we discussed the question of wine in the committee of arrangements about the dinner, and decided we would have just a simple glass of claret. Certainly no one could object to that. Alas, the newspapers stated that claret, sauterne and champagne flowed like water, and we felt we might as well have been hung for a sheep as a lamb, since we were all pilloried as wine-bibers. However, this banquet did a great deal of good in bringing clergy and laity together. In those days it was rather an unusual thing to attempt, altho now it is common enough.

In his account of work the Bishop said: "August 1, I received the Rev. Theophilus Van du Woortel, a member of the Society of Jesus, he having made a solemn renunciation of the errors of the Roman obedience." I remember well the Rev. Theophilus, and what a fuss the newspapers and Canon Knowles made over him. He went to live with Canon Knowles, and great were the reports of his learning and his talents, and great were the tales he told of his late brethren the Jesuits.

About ten days after this reception, he slipped out of Knowles' house, ran back to the Jesuits and disappeared forever as a Protestant luminary. A long experience of Roman priests coming into the Church, has made me very suspicious about any of them. They often came to me expressing their wish to leave the Church of Rome, and the first question I always asked was "Do you contemplate marriage?" Almost invariably I found that there was a woman in the case, and then I instantly and firmly declined to have anything to do with the recanting. I only recall one, the Rev. Dr. Miel of Philadelphia, who was worth his salt.

A Roman Catholic friend of mine told me that he was once calling on the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago, Bishop Foley. In the course of the call, the Bishop said, "I see that Bishop Whitehouse has lately been receiving one of our priests. I wish (pulling a list out of his pocket) that he would receive all of these, for I would give anything to be rid of them." Considering the number who apply, I think we are to be congratulated that so few get in!

On the 17th of September, 1879 I was one of the attending presbyters of the Rev. Samuel Harris, Rector of St. James, Chicago, that day consecrated Bishop of Michigan in St. John's Church, Detroit. I remember well the grand figure of the new Bishop. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and was charming as he was handsome, a man of great tact and of great ability. The Diocese of Michigan was very proud of him as well it might be, for he was a glorious specimen of a man and a Bishop. There seemed opening before him, for he was quite young, such a splendid earthly future, but God disposes, and in a few short years he was called from earth to Paradise.

The Bishops' address of this year was most admirable on the "Rule of giving for the Support of the Clergy." The details of his work seemed endless and yet they were ever so interesting that I regret he has given up the practice of recounting them.

This year the General Convention met in St. George's Church, New York. I was a delegate from Illinois (now Chicago) and as is natural with me, the thing which stands out most prominently in my recollection is a funny incident connected with the opening service. It was going on as usual, being read in little bits by this Bishop and that Bishop, among others the Old Catholic Bishop Herzog. We came to the Sanctus, for which the choir had prepared a very elaborate anthem, with famous solo singers, a most inappropriate thing for such a lengthy service. It had got fairly under way, when up jumped the Presiding Bishop, Bishop Smith, who looked like a little dried up gorilla, and with mad gesticulation, screamed out: "Stop that, stop that," and they had to stop it, much to our relief, if not to our sense of reverence!

There had been talk in and out of Convention, as there often was, about paying the expenses of delegates to the General Convention, but it came to nothing as it always did. I sat as a delegate thirty years, and paid out of my own pocket many hundreds of dollars for the honor. It comes rather hard on poor men, but "noblesse oblige".

At the present time one of the regular Commissions is the one on a new Constitution, and this year 1901, it brought, with many labor pains a Constitution to the birth; but in 1880, no one not present can imagine the bitterness and violence with which such a Commission was opposed and successfully defeated in the Convention. I remember splendid speeches in favor of it, but you could not move the "stars in their courses", and by "stars in their courses" I mean several delightful and very able old gentlemen, who in the Providence of God and to the great advantage of the Church Militant, have passed over to the Majority.

If I am not mistaken, we began in this Convention the work of revising the Prayer Book, which, after dragging its slow length along for many years, was at last happily finished. Wonderful things were said in the years of that debate. No book of jokes could possibly rival the absurdity of much of it. I wish I could remember the droll sayings, but they have faded with the lapse of time. Here are, however, one or two! One Southern delegate wished very much to have the prayer for the President omitted, because he said that as a general thing, they were men for whom he did not wish to pray that they might live long in health and prosperity and finally after this life attain everlasting joy and felicity! All the Southerners fought hard to have the petition: "Oh Lord save the State" in the Evening Prayer, omitted. They were still sensitive on the subject of State Rights, and were afraid that State as meaning the whole nation might work against State as an integral part of the land. How very absurd this seems, but able men gravely contested it.

One of the chief lay delegates was in perfect despair because we refused to print the Selections of Psalms. It would seem unnecessary even to a fool, since they are all printed in the Psalter, but one Pittsburgh friend, dear saint that he was, did not think so. Evidently to him the chiefest charm of the Prayer Book was the separate printing of each selection. Mournfully he predicted the terrible consequences of not printing them, but the hard-hearted Convention would not listen to his tearful pleadings!

An attempt was made in this Convention to pass a Canon disciplining the laity, but it was wisely defeated. I very rarely made speeches in General Convention, but I did speak against this Canon to the best of my ability. There are things very desirable, but to attain which would involve too great a cost. This is one. God knows the laity often ought to be disciplined, but to attempt to do it in our day and generation, would simply be putting a kettle of boiling water in every parish. The game is not worth the candle. We will have to be content with the simple discipline provided in the Prayer Book.

Very many of the delegates came to the Chicago delegates, and urged us to ask that the convention of 1883 be fixed in Chicago; but we did not feel quite ready to shoulder that responsibility, and preferred to wait until 1886, when we took it and did the thing as well as it could be done anywhere.

Chicago brought a matter before Convention which we had better have let alone. We were asking for approval of certain relations and powers we proposed to exercise in provincial synod, and among them was a court of appeals. Now the General Convention of 1876 had been asked to sanction this by the New York federation, and it had remitted the question to the discretion of these Dioceses; and it has always been a matter of surprise to me that so able a Church politician as Bishop McLaren, allowed us to take this unnecessary step. He did allow it, however, and we were snubbed for our pains. The House of Deputies was willing to grant us the right, but the House of Bishops refused, and as no Committees

of Conference could get them to budge, the effect of this on our provincial relations will be seen when we come to our diocesan convention of 1881. What a bugbear a court of appeals has always been in our Church! Only in 1900 was there a clause put in our Constitution allowing the creation of such a court. I quote some pungent words of Bishop McLaren on the subject: "Our church furnishes no adequate canonical remedies by which persons may be protected against abuses. There is no place where even a complaints can be lodged. In the meantime the evil bears its fruit, particularly among the clergy or members suffering in silence or dropping out of the ranks. It is pitiful to turn to the Roman Communion and discover that the humblest ecclesiastic in the land enjoys the right of appeal, and, since the Vatican council, may pass by superior tribunals and lay his case before the Papal See if he so elect. The right of appeal is founded in the law of nature, and when the right is ignored, nature has her vengeance. It is a question whether the frequent scandalous resort to the columns of the press, the deluge of controversial pamphlets and the practice of recourse to civil tribunals are not the penalties which have to be borne by an unjust Church."

1 8 8 1.

This year I remember well, for in it, my darling child, St. Luke's Hospital, took prodigious strides and showed signs of approaching manhood. A number of beds were endowed. Mr. N. K. Fairbank gave us 100 feet just north of our property on Indiana Avenue at a cost of \$10,000; and some other friends, at his solicitation, gave us 70 feet on Michigan Avenue for which they had paid \$15,000. We began now to arrange our plans for a new building. The Hospital met with a great loss this year in the death of Mrs. J. T. Ryerson, Arthur Ryerson's mother. I missed greatly from the Convention my old friend and fellow laborer, the Rev. Peter Arvedson. He was one of the humblest and most saintly men I ever knew. Miserable as his salary was, if indeed you can call the pittance he received by that name, he always gave a tithe of it to God. The Bishop remonstrated with him about it, but Mr. Arvedson closed his mouth by saying, "I generally obey you, Bishop, in everything, but in this, I must obey God." It always made me feel uncomfortable to be with him, for I thought every moment of the poverty and absolute want in which he lived, and the comfort and luxury which surrounded me. Yet his labors for Christ were far more self-sacrificing than mine.

The Secretary of the Convention read a communication from the Dioceses of Quincy and Springfield, stating that they had passed a canon on the subject of an Appellate Court. They undoubtedly expected that we would concur, but we did not. The Bishop in his address showed us very plainly that, since we had made the mistake of applying to the General Convention for power to create an Appellate Court and had been refused by that body, it was our duty to submit to that decision and to refrain from any legislation regarding a Provincial Court of Appeals. His remarks were most convincing, even if humiliating in regard to our hasty action. The Committee on Legislation sustained the Bishop's opinion and advised non-concurrence with Quincy and Springfield, on the ground that their canon, if adopted, "would tie the Appellate Court to, and render it essentially connected with and dependent upon the Federal Council." This Committee, however, acting on the joint resolution of both houses of General Convention in 1871, proposed a Canon for an Appellate Court. This canon was unanimously adopted and is now on our Statute Book. Thus far it has never been put in action; for, thanks to the wisdom of the Bishop, we have never had any ecclesiastical trial during his long connection with the Diocese. Unless I am mistaken, we have

never even elected the two Assessors who are prescribed in the canon. I hope this good fortune may continue.

The work among the colored people of Chicago came to the front this year in a very practical shape. That noble friend of the Church in Chicago, Dr. Tolman Wheeler, of whom we shall hear much more as the years go on, offered to build a church for the colored people, to be called St. Thomas Church, if a suitable lot should be provided. We were told that the Rev. James Thompson was raising the money for this lot. He succeeded in doing it. A modest but well arranged church took its place among our parishes and carries on a reasonably successful work. Mr. Thompson was at the head of it for several years and died at his post.

Six new churches were built this year. There were much larger missionary contributions. Every parish seemed waking up and we went home from the Convention with light and thankful hearts.

1 8 8 2.

This was not a very eventful year for the Diocese, tho for me it was strongly marked. On All Saints Day of this year the corner stone of St. Luke's Hospital was laid by the Bishop in the presence of a large number of clergy and laity. \$57,000 had already been subscribed for it, of which \$20,000 were given by Dr. Tolman Wheeler, and the rest was solicited by that devoted friend of St. Luke's, Mr. N. K. Fairbank. The Rev. George Todd was its faithful chaplain, and a great comfort to me and to the suffering inmates.

On January 24th of this year, my youngest son, a boy of eleven was buried from Grace Church, crowded with sympathizing friends both clerical and lay.

Regular Monday meetings of the clergy were held in a room of the Tremont House, kindly loaned us by the Proprietor. How curious a fact that when we had no proper meeting-place, but wandered about in "dens and caves of the earth", a state of things enduring for many years, we had longer meetings and much more interest than now, when the Church Club rooms afford us a fixed and suitable meeting-place. I remember well the meetings of '81 and '82. The Bishop read several most helpful papers and so did many of the clergy. This reading of papers waned, and again waxed and then again waned and the waning continued until 1900, when again it started up at the Cathedral under the earnest effort of its dean. The general history of all such movements is very like the moon, full, half, quarter, new.

In October of this year we had a very pleasant visit from that genial and indefatigable globe-trotter, Bishop Thorold of Rochester, England. We gave him a breakfast at the Tremont House, over which I presided, and which I remember as very bright and pleasant. In the evening we held a Temperance meeting in a public hall, where our Bishop presided and which was addressed by the well known Robert Graham and the Bishop of Rochester. As for any practical results in Chicago, nil. We have no Diocesan Temperance Society, and I do not wonder, for if there be any one subject which is harder to drag out from the swamp of fanaticism and misrepresentation than the temperance question, I would like to know it. I shall never forget the present Archbishop of Canterbury (Temple) saying at the Church Congress at Exeter that he could do so much for temperance if it were not for the temperance people. I am grateful, however, to note the great

advance in this respect in social circles and especially at dinner parties. It would be considered very bad form now for anyone to drink freely at a private or even a public dinner, and that is a great change from the custom when I was a boy. The temperance people have done much good, and, if they had acted with common sense and not with supreme folly, they would have done much more.

We felt very thankful this year over the condition of the Cathedral. Dr. Tolman Wheeler, that ever munificent friend of the Diocese gave \$20,000 for the erection of a parish house, etc., to be attached to it. Mr. Thomas Lowther gave a lot, but with his usual crankiness he coupled it with the condition that no married priest should be allowed to reside in it, a thing that has much hampered the Bishop in his management of the Cathedral.

He once offered me a fine site for St. Luke's Hospital, but on account of the conditions, it was thought wise to decline it. He has since given much valuable property to the Cathedral for the choir use. It was hoped that making Washington Avenue a Boulevard would help the character of the households adjoining the Cathedral, but it did not. Its surroundings have gone from bad to worse and nothing could be dingier or more forlorn than its present surroundings; but that only shows more clearly the need of its presence where it is. There was a Grammar School carried on there for awhile, but was a shadowy thing and soon passed away. The Cathedral reported this year 654 communicants, which was a gross overstatement. The present number 217, is much more like it. The overstatement of communicants is, however, a matter not at all peculiar to the Cathedral. If the statement made by some parishes in this City of the number of their communicants be exact, then they ought to be heartily ashamed of the small number communicating. To report 1500 or 1600 communicants and at the great monthly communions to have about 250 at the altar is a melancholy exposition of the state of the parish. Such numbers are manifestly incorrect, and while a communicant list is a hard thing to keep correct, much more pains ought to be taken with it than is taken.

In his address this year, which was full of stimulating thought, the Bishop stated that in 1871, the Diocese of Chicago reported 3,607 communicants, and that now, in 1882, the number was 6,475, a gratifying increase of 75 per cent. Indeed, the number of communicants in the whole state in 1871 was much less than in the present Diocese of Chicago in 1881. The Convention took up the matter of paying the expenses of delegates to General Conventions, but as usual nothing came of it.

A special committee was appointed to arrange for a celebration of the Semi-Centennial of the Diocese in 1885, and a new committee was appointed to revise the Constitution and Canons. I remember offering a resolution condemning the opening of the Theatres on Sunday. It was adopted, but it had not the weight of a feather. All are in full blast on Sundays now.

The death of Rev. Jacob Bredberg, of St. Anagarius Church, which was reported to the Convention, brings up the fact that he was in Swedish orders and that Bishop Whitehouse accepted him, thus recognizing the Apostolic Succession in that Church. I think that his brother Bishops approved his action, but I doubt whether, with our present light, they would be willing to pass on that question so lightly. Lambeth Conferences do not seem very clear about it.

Fifty-one clergy were entitled to seats in the Convention this year and 27 parishes were represented in the lay element. When the pledges for Missions were taken, the personal pledges amounted to \$1,375, which is an astonishing contrast to the \$60 pledged in that way in 1900. The only explanation is, that men who used to give under that head, now give through the collections in their parish churches. At this Convention the Committee on Revision of the Constitutions and Canons reported a new Constitution only, the Code of Canons not being yet ready to report. The Committee made one very fine point in their report, and that was that the Canon Law of the Diocese of Chicago has been very much admired and imitated. It is easy to verify this by examining the Canon law of very many of the new Western divisions. This constitution is the one under which we now work. A few alterations have been made, but I see no reason for tinkering much with it at present, except to change the powers of the Chancellor of the Diocese if we ever have that official again which is not likely. The Registrar made a very curious statement in his Report, mainly that he had issued a certificate to a Canadian clergyman but Bishop Whitehouse had ordained him priest. Why did he do this and not the Bishop? The Special Committee on the celebrations of the Semi-Centennial of the founding of the Diocese made a very interesting report. I am going to give a "resume" of it which I know will interest you. It seems that the primary Convention of the Diocese of Illinois met at Peoria March 8, 1835, 3 clergymen and 6 laymen. I am not prepared to say whether the Church Law of that time recognized so small a number as a legal convention, but I am inclined to think not. The three clergymen were Batchelder of Jacksonville, Dyer of Peoria, and Richmond of Rushville. Chicago at that time was a poor little village. There was one other clergyman in Illinois named Tullidge but he was not present. These three clergymen and six laymen then proceeded to do one of the most astonishing and illegal things ever done in our Church. There was living on a farm in the adjoining state of Michigan a retired Bishop, Philander Chase once Bishop of Ohio, but who had resigned that Diocese on account of quarrels with his clergy about jurisdiction. Do not without reserve blame the clergy, for the Bishop was one of the most arbitrary mortals in existence, tho a man of wonderful energy and great magnetism. The three priests and the six laymen in Peoria passed the following resolutions: "Resolved unanimously that this Convention do hereby appoint, the Right Rev. Philander Chase a Bishop of the P. E. C. in the U.S.A. to the episcopate of Illinois and that he be and hereby is invited remove into this Diocese and to assume Episcopal jurisdiction in the same." Could anything be more illegal and more utterly opposed to the whole law of the Church as to the proper way of running a Diocese? Bishop Chase, tho perfectly aware of the glaring irregularity, accepted the invitation; and he then, with the three clergy, presented himself at the door of the General Convention in Philadelphia in 1835, and asked for admission. Knowing as well as I do the ways and moods of the General Convention I would cry at the first blush that it would have been as impossible for them to get in there as to get into Paradise; but astonishing to relate they did get in. The General Convention condoned all the irregularities and smashing of Canons, and passed the following resolutions, which I submit, it had no right to do: "Resolved that the Church in Illinois under the episcopal superintendence of the Right Rev. Philander Chase, D.D., be and hereby is received and acknowledged as a Diocese in union with the General Convention of the P. E. C. in the U.S.A." This was the curious origin of our beloved Diocese. At that time there were thirty-nine known communicants in the whole state and the confirmations were 13. Not a cent of salary was promised the Bishop by his Diocese. He, with characteristic energy, sailed immediately for England and raised there a large sum of money to build Jubilee College, the corner stone of which

he laid in 1839, which has had such a chequered existence. The Committee on the approaching Semi-Centennial proposed that, as a memorial, a fund be raised for the endowment of the Episcopate of Illinois. We had heard of that object before; we heard of it again, and as things look "in saeculu saeculorum." However such a Committee was appointed and I was the Chairman of it.

A very important move was made in the Diocese this year, which some of us thought should have been made before, but for which we were duly grateful, and that was the move to organize a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary in the Diocese. The Bishop in his address had earnestly asked the question, "Are there not some of the clergy of the city who will make an effort to unite the women of the Diocese in an auxiliary organization to spread an intelligent interest in the matter of Missions and to systematize the raising of means." There were such clergy in the city; they were more than ready, and I am proud to say that I was one of them; and, in conjunction with Dr. Vibbert, his wife, my wife and some other devoted people, labored hard at the organization of this one of the most valuable instruments for missionary work the Church possesses. A committee was immediately appointed on this sentence in the Bishop's address, and that committee reported unanimously that a Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocesan Board of Missions should be at once established and forthwith a Committee of the Bishop, two priests, and two laymen was appointed to attend to it.

Mr. Judd moved that we request the General Convention to give its consent to the change of the name of our Diocese from "Illinois" to "Chicago". This was carried and, at the General Convention which met in October of that year, we who were Deputies, with the Bishop at our head, brought the matter before the Committee, and our request was cheerfully granted. It was high time that the Church did something generous for this Diocese, and it could not with any show of fairness, refuse this common sense request.

In his address the Bishop paid a most beautiful, brilliant tribute to Dr. Pusey⁴ and gave as fine an "aperçu" of his life and influence as you will find anywhere. The Bishop spoke at great length on the theme that those who are appointed to minister in a prescribed ritual are the agents of the Church — therefore are not exponents of their individual views or desires. Everyone in the Convention knew the "fons et origo" of this deliverance. We knew how just was the provocation of the Bishop in the deliberate disobedience of his wishes by a priest of the Diocese. We knew what he had to bear; and with few exceptions, and entirely independent of our theological opinions, our sympathies were with him as our Bishop and as an insulted gentleman. I will give an account of the Ritchie imbroglio a little further on. It may seem to some a tempest in a tea pot, but it really concerned great principles, which are well set forth in the words of Bishop McLaren to his Convention. I do not propose to review them here.

Speaking of Nashotah the Bishop said, "I am quite of the opinion that the Church must in time establish a theological school here, I hope that God will hasten the day by inspiring some of our men of wealth with interest in the matter." He little thought however his hopes were to be realized and how splendidly.

⁴Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800-1882), leader of the Catholic Revival in the Church of England, and one of the greatest scholars in the Anglican Church.

He alluded to an event which had filled us all with sorrow, and which seemed then a great disaster; and that was the burning of St. Mary's School, Knoxville. The event proved, however, only a blessing in disguise; for very soon a far more splendid group of buildings arose on the scene of the ruins, and today (1901) under the same indefatigable hand, Dr. Leffingwell, a noble school for girls is being carried on. Very little help, however, did the Churchmen of Chicago give it. In regard to another institution of learning the Bishop says, "Shortly after his convention in 1852 Bishop Whitehouse investigated the problems of Jubilee College, and wisely decided that any effort to revive it would prove futile. In 1876 I felt it my duty to look into the matter and reached the same conclusions. I have resigned the nominal office of President, but as a Trustee I have consented to the trying the experiment of a school for boys." The Bishop with great emphasis also said in his Address: "Build churches only as you can pay for what you build." He might as well have spoken these words to the fishes as St. Anthony did; for no parish heeds him, and we have many debts pressing with iron heel on the necks of parishes and the whole city is harried for money to pay them. St. Thomas' Church was consecrated November 14, 1882. The Bishop spoke of it and I remember well the splendid sermon preached by a colored man, once a slave, but then the Rector of St. Luke's Church in Washington, The Rev. Dr. Alexander Crummell.

And now let us take up the Ritchie rebellion which blossomed and bore fruit this year, though the fruit rotted and fell off the tree in April of the next year. The Church of the Ascension had been for some years under the Rectorship of the Rev. Arthur Ritchie and had prospered very greatly in his hands, and no wonder, for he was a man of noble physique, charming manners, great ability, both as a preacher and as organizer, and thoroughly devoted to his work. He belonged, as he had a perfect right to belong, to the extreme Ritualistic school, and not a word has ever been said against his character or his earnestness. The fairies invited to celebrate his birth had certainly endowed him with many splendid gifts, but the cross old fairy who had been forgotten and came uninvited and in a towering rage had also endowed him with a love of worrying and annoying people, striking pins in them to see them jump. He has been heard to say more than once that he loved a controversy, and would as soon fight a Bishop as eat. One of the great disappointments of his life has been that he never could succeed in getting himself tried for heresy or anything else. I will give one or two instances to show how powerful was this propensity to tease; and I do so because I have even thought it lay at the bottom of all his differences with the Bishop. I remember an assemblage of quiet conservative priests, "quorum pars fue", where he shocked us all by crying that he was ready to hold up the consecrated wafer and say, "This is your God, fall down and worship Him." Then he had his choir boys play cards in the Vestry room on Sundays, which shocked everybody and was surely unnecessary, as a protest against Sabbatarianism. I was to preach for him one Ascension evening. The morning papers of the day announced that "the Rev. Dr. Locke, Rector of Grace Church, President of St. Luke's Hospital, Dean of the N. E. Deanery, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, Deputy to General Convention, member of the Standing Committee, Trustee of Racine College, etc., would preach at the Ascension that evening." This was done purely to annoy and with the hope it would make me jump, which I was careful not to do.

Trouble between the Bishop and Mr. Ritchie began in 1878, anent the Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. The Bishop, when fully cognizant that this was regularly practiced at the Ascension, wrote Mr. Ritchie that it was perfectly illegal, and that it must be stopped; and in a fatherly way intimated that of course Mr. Ritchie would stop it. Now I do not want to do Mr. Ritchie an injustice, but as I read his answer to the kind letter of Bishop McLaren, he

seems to say, "I am going to reserve whenever I want to do so, for I can do it without violating the letter or the spirit of the Rubric," which I acknowledge clearly forbids Reservations. Letters exist in Mr. Ritchie's handwriting to show how he managed to satisfy himself that he was not violating the letter or the spirit of the Rubric on Reservation. It was on this wise: After the Communion the elements were all consumed and the congregation left. Mr. Ritchie went back to the altar, and using as much of the consecration service as he thought proper, he consecrated the sacred Species, which he put in a tabernacle where it remained all the week for purposes of adoration, and communion for the sick. This dodger he contended, was not a private celebration, because it was in open church and, though nobody was there, everybody could have been. He admits that the Bishop and ordinary reasoners, even granting (which seems to me impossible) that the letter was not violated, would reason that the spirit of the Rubric against Reservation was thoroughly violated. He can only say in answer to that, that the Reformers who drew up the service were ignorant people, and did not know enough to know that Reservation was primitive and Catholic. He admits that he understands the Bishop to forbid all reservations, and then adds with icy coolness that he knows the Bishop really at heart knows better and is merely sticking for a law which he wishes did not exist. I cannot go into all the pros and cons of this matter, in which the Bishop was always polite but firm. Suffice it to say that the practice had to be given up and an official notice was sent to the Bishop that reservation at the Ascension was discontinued.

During the year 1882 rumors were flying over the city, that Mr. Ritchie was using a service he had concocted out of the Prayer Book, and which he called "Solemn Mass" at the eleven o'clock Sunday service. Many of us knew that the Bishop had written Mr. Ritchie, telling him that any such service was entirely illegal, and that he could not continue it. We also knew that Mr. Ritchie, tho he backed and filled several times in letters, kept on using it. In September, 1882, the corner stone of the new Church of the Ascension was to be laid, and of course the Bishop was consulted about it. He wrote that he would be very glad to perform the service but that he could not be present at, or take any part in, the "Solemn Mass" which Mr. Ritchie was determined should be part of the function. The Rector declined to give that up and the Bishop very properly declined to lay the corner stone — notifying the Rector again that "Solemn Mass" was entirely unauthorized by the Prayer Book. How could the Bishop do otherwise? Solemn Mass omitted from the service the Commandments, the Exhortation, the Invitation, the Comfortable Words, the Confession and Absolution, the Prayer of Humble Access and the Thanksgiving. This surely was a mutilated Mass with a vengeance. It is difficult to see how the Bishop could have done otherwise, for you will remember all this occurred before we had permission to leave out anything. The Bishop did not object in any way to the ritual of the Ascension; but he did object, and how could he help it, to such a wholesale massacre of the chief service of the church. If he condoned that, he might have to condone some one leaving out the Consecration Prayer. So the corner stone was laid by the Rev. Chas. Dorset, a former and well beloved Rector of the parish. Some speeches were made at a gathering after the ceremony, and Mr. Ritchie in his speech said, "Mr. Dorset was laying the foundations of this work when I was in the Seminary, and while our Bishop was yet in the darkness of Calvinism." I am sure you will agree with me and with the whole American Church in thinking these words a very gross insult to the Bishop. Ritchie publicly and privately denied that they were, but we all felt his denial to be "inania verba". There the insult was, and there it remains to this day.

To show how the clergy felt about this, I produce a letter from the principal city clergy to the Bishop. "The undersigned clergy of your Diocese feel impelled under the pressure of recent events to renew to you their thorough confidence in the wisdom, forbearance, and Christian manliness of your Episcopal administration. They deplore deeply the disregard of your wishes which has been shown by a Presbyter of your Diocese, and are indignant at the insulting language used by him and the unwarranted statements which he has placed before the public. Many of them have in vain urged him to acknowledge to you his error, knowing that you would readily pardon. It remains for them to assure you, etc." The Bishop's letters to Mr. Ritchie are all extant, and are models of patience and fatherly kindness. One of Mr. Ritchie's grievances was that he had offered to submit (Credat judseris) to the decision of a commission of four or five of his brother priests, and the Bishop would not appoint such commissions. He could not with any dignity do that. It would have implied that he had exceeded his powers in dealing with Ritchie, and that an arbitrator was necessary. He had not done one thing as Bishop which he had not absolute right to do. Of course the Ascension affair now became public property, and the newspapers, with their usual sapience, announced that Bishop McLaren, the champion of the Low Church party, and Arthur Ritchie, the champion of the High Church party, would now divide the Episcopal Church into two great hostile camps. Among other documents Mr. Ritchie published an open letter to justify his career, the tone of which in my opinion was quite as insulting as his speech. His argument was that Dr. Locke and others left out things, and therefore he could; which is very much like a thief crying, "Other people steal, therefore I can." Two wrongs cannot make a right. He also said that twice on Sunday he said the full Communion Service, and therefore had a right to have a third Mass fixed up to suit himself. Such an argument is too flimsy to be noticed. Of course the Bishop refused to visit the parish as long as the Rector persisted in his open disobedience. In June, 1883, Mr. Ritchie offered his resignation, basing it on the grounds that no Rector has a right to force his parish into a position of diocesan isolation, and that, when a Rector finds his course is having a disastrous effect on the parish on account of the insecurity of his stay, he ought to resign. In his address to his parish concerning his resignation he made the Bishop a perfect pincushion. Then the parish had a meeting and sent one of the cheekiest letters to the Bishop that could be devised. They instructed the Bishop in all his duties, and informed him exactly how he ought to run his Diocese. To this the Bishop replied in a dignified and noble letter, and referring to the language of the letter he had received from them says, "I pass over in silence all the offense in portions of the letter." His grounds of action, restated in this reply are perfectly incontrovertible. The Bishop asserted that his remarks on self-willed priests at Conventions were not meant to be personal. All I can say is that every human being who heard them or read them thought them so. To the Bishop's letter Mr. Ritchie made a flippant reply, in which he said that he had struggled to be tried, but that the Bishop would not try him. Of course not, the Bishop is too wise a man to fall into that trap. He said that as the Bishop had taken no notice of his resignation and his parish did not want him to leave, he withdrew that resignation. We were very much amused in Chicago on learning that some callow nestlings in the General Seminary in New York were holding meetings for intercessory prayer, praying that the lamb Ritchie might be delivered out of the paws of that lion McLaren. After this things remained in "statu quo" until the following spring, when Mr. Ritchie definitely resigned and departed for New York, shooting parting arrows at the Bishop as he left. There for a while he stuck pins in his new Bishop but has now stopped that and is sticking them into the Bishop of Maryland. He is doing a fine work in New York, and is much beloved there, as he cannot help being; for, as I said before, he is very lovable and he has learned wisdom by experience.

It was in this year, May 31, that St. James Church, Chicago, was consecrated. About sixty clergymen were present, among them the Rev. Isaac Hallam, the first rector of the parish. Bishop Harris of Michigan preached the sermon, and the service was most interesting. It noted like a spur on me, urging me to go to work and free my own Church from debt, so that it could be set apart in a formal way to the service of God.

1884.

This was quite an eventful year for the Diocese. In it the Woman's Auxiliary was founded, the present Code of Canons adopted, the name of the Diocese changed, the Western Theological Seminary incorporated, and St. Clement's Church started.⁵ It was also an important year for me for it marked the 25th year of my Rectorship and of my marriage. Let these private affairs, as being less important to the public, take the first place in the procession — "junioris prioris". The 25th year of my Rectorship really ended in July, but the 25th anniversary of my wedding occurred January 27th. It was resolved by the Vestry of Grace Church to celebrate the two things together on January 29th, as in the summer so many would be away. Everybody in the parish entered into this matter with the greatest enthusiasm, the only friction being that the places to which they thought they had a right could not be given to everybody, but that was a small matter. The Vestry resolved to hold the parish celebrations at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and they sent out about fifteen hundred beautifully engraved invitations and provided a very handsome supper. My dear friend and vestryman, Mr. Abram Williams, long since passed to his great reward, was the General Chairman. It was a wonderful occasion, and I who had always held myself above any possible influence of flattery, nearly lost my head in the crowded rooms, the affectionate greetings, the splendid gifts. Mrs. Locke and I received about \$1400, all in silver dollars, and over 200 pieces of silver work. These came, not from the parish alone, but from all over the city and from all sorts and conditions of men. The clergy of the city, headed by Bishop McLaren, were all there and presented me with a beautifully embossed address, which I cherish among my choicest treasures. The Vestry also presented most affectionate resolutions, and what pleased me best was that my old parish of Christ Church, Joliet, sent a delegation with a splendidly embossed address, which my family will ever prize. Not only were Church clergymen present, but Roman Catholic priests, Presbyterian preachers, Jewish Rabbis, and nearly all the well known society people. There were about a thousand guests. It was all very overwhelming to me, and when I knelt down to say my evening prayers I could not help bursting into tears and saying, "Indignus sum Dominie, indignus sum."

Let us go back now to Diocesan Affairs. Forty-five clergymen were present at Convention. The Board of Missions made a cheerful report. Things were looking up. \$4880 had been contributed, a larger sum with one exception, than ever before. The Committee on the Woman's Auxiliary reported a very comprehensive plan for organizing that useful and much needed Society, and, in accordance with that report, a meeting for organization was held in Grace Church, October 2, 1884. It was a very encouraging meeting for the first one. 300 women were present, and there was the deepest interest. The Bishop appointed the first officers, Mrs. W. H. Vibbert, President, Mrs. Clinton Locke, Secretary, and Mrs. Chas. Raymond, Treasurer.

⁵St. Clement's, 20th and State Street, was an unorganized mission, financed by George Armour. The Rev. Canon Knowles was its pastor. Flourished 1884-1891.

The time of the Convention was consumed mostly in the debate over the final adoption of the new Canons. They were at last passed and are those under which we now act, and which in substance have been adopted by many other dioceses. Of course they are constantly being tinkered, but that is unavoidable, and sometimes seems to be the only "raison d'etre" of Diocesan Conventions. The Bishop in his address said, "The great event of the past year's history has been the setting apart by the munificence of our respected friend, Dr. Tolman Wheeler of the sum of \$250,000 for the establishment of the Western Theological Seminary in Chicago." All who heard this remembered the earnest words of the Bishop in his address the year before, when he so fervently wished that some one might be found to establish such a work. How quickly God had answered his prayer. While there are undoubtedly too many Seminaries, and while the whole question of the segregated Seminary life is now coming more and more to the front, the Bishop's words are very true: "If the General Seminary in New York were the only institution of the kind and the proposal were made to found a second, Chicago would be the place chosen for it." Inevitably this second city of the Union must be the place for a Western Seminary,⁶ and Bishop McLaren has well laid the foundations. There are two noble buildings, in a splendid locality, built with economy, but well built, and there is ample land for great expansion. At present, owing to the depreciation of the rentals of the Seminary property, its chariot wheels drive heavily. Its number of students is small, and its field of instructors somewhat limited. But this is only temporary. The plant is there just where it ought to be, and in time it must absorb weaker institutions and become peer to the General Seminary in New York. May God preserve its managers from any narrowing theological bias.

The princely gift to the Seminary was not the limit of Dr. Tolman Wheeler's generosity. He gave also the money to build the fine clergy house attached to the Cathedral, the ground for which was given by another generous, tho peculiar friend of the Church, Mr. Thos. Lowther. He gave the lot with the amusing proviso that no married clergyman should ever live in the Clergy House. I fail to see what there is so dreadful about married clergymen. My own observation is that they are quite devoted and as spiritually minded as the unmarried; and I think that a lady in the clergy house would be an immense addition to it and a great improvement. Dr. Wheeler was also a generous friend of St. Luke's Hospital. He not only constantly helped it from the very beginning; and gave \$20,000 toward the new building, but he had also left it a noble bequest in his will. A short time before his death some one (I think I know who) poisoned his mind against the Hospital, and, when the will was opened, it was found that the piece of property willed to St. Luke's had been sold by the Doctor, and that the bequest was of course inoperative. The Hospital had a friendly visit with the heirs about this business, but lost the case.

This year St. Clement's Church was founded. It had a curious history. Its purpose was a noble one. Mr. George Armour, a parishioner of mine in Grace Church, a very wealthy and quite peculiar man, was moved to "found a mission Church by a deep sense of the need of such churches for the poor and others, and also by his conscientious attachment to the Catholic Church." He put up an excellent building on State Street near 20th Street, and declared that, if successful, he would replace it with a \$100,000 Church. Mr. Armour told me of his project, and I frankly said that I thought he had made a wrong choice of a site, that such a Church ought to be put far out on Archer Avenue, where a Mission Church was much

⁶Now known as "Seabury-Western Seminary, Evanston, Illinois.

needed. He replied sharply that he did not require any advice from either the Rector or any of the members of Grace Church. The sequel proved how wise my advice was. The Rev. Canon Knowles, who had been 16 years in charge of the Cathedral, was invited by Mr. Armour to take charge of the new enterprise. Knowles was an old friend, and I advised him not to go, but he did and has since told me that he made a great mistake. The new church, amply supported by Mr. Armour, did not attract the class for which it was built. The Conservatives loudly proclaimed that Grace Church would be seriously crippled by the new foundation. I smiled, for I had seen numbers of projects flit across the Chicago stage and I just went on sawing wood. After a few years Mr. Armour naturally grew tired of keeping up a parish for a few rich ritualists, and he abruptly withdrew his support. The whole thing collapsed like a pricked bladder, and Knowles went to a prominent position in New York,⁷ which he now fills and where he is happy and is not "sot on"; and the Church was soon shut up. After a little Mr. Armour generously transferred the whole property to the Western Theological Seminary, which now holds it, and it is devoutly hoped by the writer that some one will give the money to improve it so that a handsome income can be found for the Seminary.⁸

During the Convention Chancellor Judd referred to the action of the General Convention in 1883, authorizing us to change the name of our Diocese; and he offered a Preamble and the following resolution: "Resolved that the Secretary of this Convention be and is hereby directed to notify the Secretary of the House of Bishops and the Secretary of the House of Deputies of the General Convention of the action thus taken by this Diocese and that the name of this Diocese has been is now accordingly changed from that of the Diocese of Illinois to that of the Diocese of Chicago." This was adopted by the Convention. The Constitution we had recently adopted had been arranged with reference to this change. The Committee on the Endowment of the Episcopate, of which I was Chairman, reported that they had sent a Circular Letter to every Parish Priest asking him to have his Parish well canvassed for this purpose. Very few however, paid any attention to this, and only a few subscriptions came of it. Now, it is 1903, and the Episcopate is not half endowed; and whatever Endowment there is has been obtained mostly by the Bishop's personal exertions. A great plan of Endowment through Life Insurance was launched some years ago, but as yet the results have been small. The history of the Endowment of the Episcopate in Chicago is not a very cheerful record.

There was a service held in St. James Church this year which I remember with vivid interest. It was the Memorial Service to the late Bishop Clarkson of Nebraska who had been for so many years the beloved Rector of St. James and my warm personal friend. I had the honor of delivering an eulogy of the faithful and laborious frontier Bishop and there were many noble tributes paid him. Our own Bishop beautifully said, "His worn-out body lies beneath the shadow of the stately Cathedral he builded in Omaha, his spirit took its flight to the estate where the souls of the faithful do await the voice of the Deliverer." We began now to realize that in 1886 the General Convention was to meet in Chicago and to feel that we must bestir ourselves in the matter.

October 19th of this year is a date never to be forgotten by me. On Easter of this year the entire debt resting on the Church was paid. \$10,000 of it had

⁷Assistant at Trinity Church, lower Manhattan.

⁸Property eventually sold.

been gradually accumulating for five years under the envelope system so ably managed by Mr. D. H. Denton and the other \$10,000 was put on the Offertory plate. What a happy day that was for me. No longer did that "old man of the sea" perch on my shoulders. The debt being paid the consecration of the Church was the next thing in order, and October 19th was the blessed day on which Bishop McLaren performed that solemn office. The Instrument of Donation was read by Mr. Tracy Lay and the Bishop preached from the text, 1st Samuel VII:12, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

1 8 8 5.

This was not a very eventful year. The clergy of the Diocese numbered 68. \$5,414 were pledged for Missions. It was the Semi-Centennial of the Diocese, but that did not seem to make a ripple on the smooth sea of Diocesan Affairs. The Committee on the Endowment of the Episcopate made a doleful report, saying that everything could be summed up in the phrase, "Nothing has been done." They begged to be discharged and they were. A Committee was appointed to confer with similar Committees in the Dioceses of Springfield and Quincy in regard to the organization of an Appellate Court. The Bishop spoke of the meeting of the General Convention in Chicago in 1886 and said he would soon appoint a Committee about it, and he begged that although the last General Convention had decided that every one of its members should pay his own expenses and that no hospitality of that kind should be expected from the city where the Convention met, we would endeavor to show the usual hospitality. It was in this year the monthly paper "The Diocese of Chicago" was established, and which "per varios casus et tot discrimina semm" is still happily going on. It was in this year also that St. Luke's Hospital was completed. On the 20th of January, the Bishop with a large following of clergy and lay people solemnly consecrated the new buildings to their sacred purpose. He kindly allowed me to offer the first Memorial Sacrifice on the new altar of the Chapel. As is generally the case, the Hospital had cost much more than was anticipated and there was a debt of \$25,000 on it. To show the liberality of the Chicago people, I will state that I made an appeal through the press for money to furnish the Hospital, and within a week several thousands of dollars came into my hands. The property of the Hospital at this time was valued at \$250,000.

In his address the Bishop did not speak very warmly of the Revision of the Prayer Book then going on, and pictured in very vivid language what would take place in the various parish churches where the "liberties of worship were enlarged". His prophecy has been exactly fulfilled. Bishop Anderson has told me that he did not believe there were two parishes in the Diocese where the service was said the same way. Still who would go back to the unrevised Prayer Book.

The Seminary was opened this year. I remember well the beautiful service in the little chapel. It was on St. Michael's Day and besides our own Bishop, the Bishops of Springfield and Indiana were present. The Bishop worked very hard at this Seminary not only in the planning and arrangement of the building, but in the instruction, for he gave 43 lectures there the first year and acted as the real Dean, not as a figurehead. Everywhere the Diocese showed signs of prosperity.

1 8 8 6.

This year was an eventful one indeed for the Church in Chicago, for it marked the venturing, much further than its usual journeyings, of the General Convention which met this year in October at Chicago. Curious were some of the

questionings in regard to the propriety of this venture by some of the older Bishops, who seem to have portrayed Chicago to themselves as a sort of frontier village, where it would be dangerous to go out at night and where comforts were few and far between. One very distinguished, very charming, but often very blundering Bishop exerted himself publicly and privately to get the place of meeting changed. One delightful Bishop wrote to the Proprietor of the Hotel where he was to stay, saying that he would send on some wine as he feared that suitable could not be found here. This highly amused the proprietor who had one of the very finest cellars of wine in the United States. All these little clouds were however swallowed up in the glorious sunshine that illumined the whole affair. Many and long were the meetings that the Committee on the Convention held during the early part of the year. About \$10,000 had to be raised, and innumerable details arranged, but all was successfully done. We determined on one innovation and that was not to arrange for the Sessions of Convention in a Church. We were impelled to take this ground because there was no Church suitable on account of the lack of galleries. We engaged Central Music Hall for the meetings of both the House of Deputies and the House of Bishops and it proved convenient and suitable and a much better place for hearing than any church. We arranged for the serving of a fine lunch daily at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and in short did everything in the most complete and finished way, and we received great compliments on all sides. Messrs. Frederick Fitch and Denton of my parish were most helpful, (Dr. Hashton's services were invaluable). A great deal of private hospitality was also shown and we were well satisfied with ourselves when it was all over. Of course our pulpits swarmed with Bishops, even the little Missions could obtain one every Sunday. I said to my people the Sunday after the Convention was over, "The period of ice cream and cake is now over, and you will have to be content with your ordinary bread and butter." I was quite comforted to hear from them that they much preferred it. It is not my purpose nor within the scope of these Reminiscences to give a history of the General Convention of 1886, so we will take up again our own Diocesan history: At the Convention in May, 51 clergy were present and \$5,229 were pledged for Diocesan Missions. There was a discussion about the Bishop needing a city office and the clergy a convenient meeting place. A Committee was appointed about it and they reported that the Chicago Bicycle Club offered us a room, 189 Michigan Avenue, but I have not the slightest recollection of our ever employing such rooms. The Bishop of Chicago was to be always Primus of the Province. We are still playing the little game of Province. It hurts nobody. It comforts some of us and the day will come when it will be something more than a "simulaerum", the Convention took public notice of St. Andrews Brotherhood, which although only three years old, having been born in St. James Parish, Chicago, had already spread into fourteen dioceses, and is in 1902, the time of this writing, firmly established throughout the whole American Church. There was a resolution to organize the White Cross Army in the Diocese, but I forget for what this Army was to fight. The Endowment Business made the usual report that nothing had been done, and as usual a new Committee was appointed to do something. The Bishop spoke pointedly of what is still a great evil, but which was much greater then, and that is the appointment on Vestries of men of really bad character, because they had influence and wealth. This has brought great dishonor on our Church in many cases, especially in country parishes. The Bishop referred also to one institution of the Diocese which I should have mentioned before, and that is the Annual Retreat for the Clergy. If I am not mistaken it was in this Diocese that custom originated. For some years they were quite regularly kept up, but the health of the Bishop has of late interfered with them. I attended a number of them. Sometimes I found them very edifying and sometimes very tiresome. Probably my find depended on my own spiritual state. The one I enjoyed the most was given in the

Chapel of Grace Church by Bishop McLaren, who although ill and suffering at the time, rose completely above his physical infirmities and was most fervent and heart searching. The last Retreat I attended was at the Cathedral and was the most unreal and inane.

The desirability of enacting a Canon giving women the privilege of voting at the Parish Meetings had been brought up again and again in Convention by one zealous but imprudent layman. In his address the Bishop gave that idea its death stab by a keen argument which could not be answered. Also the Bishop spoke in loving terms of another noble gift of Mr. Lowther, a block of land in the West Division, and two lots with dwellings on an adjoining block, valued at \$50,000 — the income to be used for the benefit of the Cathedral. I do not think the income is any larger as yet, but some day it will be very valuable. We had the first Choir festival this year. They increased in glory and splendor for a few years, then gradually faded and then their light went out. "Eheu tan fugans." It is curious to read in the Journal among the Reports of Lay Readers, that of Messrs. Edsall and Keater, and to think that one is now Bishop of Minnesota and the other of Olympia.

1 8 8 7.

This year the Bishop broke down completely in health, and was obliged to go to Bermuda. He returned from there May 22nd, but his condition would not admit of his resuming work and he remained at his summer home in the East until September, when he returned with restored health to his work. His return was made very glad to him by the hearty welcome the clergy and laity gave him in a brilliant service at the Cathedral followed by a lunch in the Clergy House. I was also absent from Convention. In January of this year, my Vestry gave me six months leave of absence and a nice purse of money, so I went abroad for six months, battling with that malady which finally overcame me.⁹ I was however at my post and took part in the service of welcome to the Bishop. The reporters in speaking of this service said, "The clergy wore their white chalice veils." The Rev. Dr. Morrison, Senior Presbyter presided over the Diocesan Convention. The Board of Missions made an elaborate report and the Convention gave much more time than usual to the discussion of ways and means to increase Diocesan Missions. The pledges were raised to \$6,260. The Endowment Committee made a clear report and recommended the appointment of a Corporate Body to be called the Trustees of the Endowment Fund of the Diocese of Chicago, to receive, hold and manage all funds connected with the Endowment of the Episcopate. Such a corporate body was formed and is now one of the factors of the Diocese. Thus did the Endowment Committee wash their hands of this matter. The Bishops of Springfield, Quincy and Nebraska, who had taken the Bishop's duties, made reports and were all thanked, and I hope, were all paid. We, of course, sent our absent Bishop a hearty resolution of "welcome home".

The Committee on the Seminary made a long and interesting report. Among other things they said that Dr. Wheeler had given \$5,000 for the library, with which books had been bought. They were very different books from what I would have bought, if I had had the spending of the money.

This year St. Philip's Church was opened. It was a mission of Grace and I had labored hard to get it built. It had a devoted lay member and he as Deacon ministered to it, but death soon summoned him under the saddest circumstances. The parish still flourishes, though long since separated from Grace.

⁹i.e., The loss of his voice.

This was the 53rd year of the Diocese. We quietly passed the half century mark. There were now 72 clergymen in the Diocese, surely a gratifying increase. The Board of Missions made a most interesting report and announced a great step taken. They had resolved to appoint a General Diocesan Missionary at a salary of \$2,000. The Bishop had selected as this Missionary the Rev. E. R. Bishop, and on his recommendation the Board selected "Arch-Deacon" as his proper title. They reported a set of rules by which he was to be governed, all of which related to the effective carrying out of the Missionary work. It was a good selection, and its effect was soon visible in the increased interest everywhere shown throughout the Diocese in the Missionary Work. The Archdeacon was a man of a good deal of personal magnetism, of strong common sense and thorough devotion to his work. During the few years he was spared to us, for his days were numbered, he was a power in the Diocese. It was entirely due to his exertions that the Church Club was founded and his wise counsel was felt in many ways. I always thought his appointment a "good investment" as they say in trade. The Lambeth Conference was impending, and we passed a strongly worded resolution asking the Bishop to make arrangements to attend it. An important committee of able lawyers was appointed to wrestle with the whole question of the tenure of Church property much of which was at very loose ends. Speaking of the spiritual condition of the Diocese the Bishop said, "There is manifestly a larger apprehension among us of the true standard of Christian living. Not only does the number of children presented for confirmation steadily increase, but there are gratifying tokens of greater fidelity and painstaking diligence in their preparation. Further indications of a revived spiritual life are seen in more frequent services, a larger attendance during special seasons, in the holding of Missions, Retreats and Quiet Days, in the hold which the services in the heart of the city maintain on business men and women and in the increase of wisely ordered charitable work among the poor and the sick.

It was this year that the Sisterhood of St. Mary was invited by the Bishop to undertake a charitable work in Chicago. They are still working, and with splendid success. They have good buildings and new substantial ones are now being added, and tho few in number, they are a power in the Diocese. A splendid donation came to the Diocese this year. Mrs. Abby Waterman, a devoted Church-woman of Sycamore, and the very life of the parish there, left property worth about \$300,000 for the founding of an endowed Seminary for girls to be called "Waterman Hall". Although legal contests deprived it of some of this fund yet we know how this benefaction has blossomed forth in the fine buildings and flourishing school which is the pride of our Diocese. St. Luke's Hospital also received this year in legacies about \$72,000, \$50,000 to be expended in a new building, called the Johnston Memorial, Mr. Samuel Johnston having left the money for that purpose. There was a great deal of trouble at Racine College this year. I would not allude to it except to say that our Bishop stepped manfully into the breach, became its temporary Dean, brought order out of confusion, and prevented what seemed at one time likely, a complete breaking up of the Institution. As a college it has never revived, but is a Grammar School, and very prosperous. You cannot have a college now without being able to command very large sums of money and the Church was always very niggardly toward Racine.¹⁰

¹⁰Now known as "DeKoven Foundation", a retreat and conference center operated by the Sisters of St. Mary, Racine, Wisconsin.

There were 77 clergy resident in the Diocese this year and 61 were present at Convention. 35 parishes were represented in the Lay Order. The Board of Missions very justly praised the arduous work of the Archdeacon and their report showed the Missionary work of the Diocese to be in a healthy growing state. About \$7,000 were pledged for the coming year. The Committee appointed the year before, on the Tenure of Church Property, reported that they found it extremely hard to do anything in regard to individual parishes without having the title deeds and contracts of such parishes in their hands, and they begged that the Convention would pass a resolution directing parishes to forward them such deeds. This resolution was passed. The Committee also stated that they had introduced into the State Legislature a bill about the holding of Church property which had passed to its second reading in the House. We shall hear more about this matter. "Like a wounded snake it dragged its slow length along" for some years but at last it got satisfactorily adjusted. In his address the Bishop spoke at length on the ritual questions, and especially about the fancy ritual some of the clergy took the liberty of introducing into their parishes. His remarks were broad and liberal, especially on the point of Ritualism as a matter of taste. "Taste," he said, "as our guide in worship must submit itself to that more stately, more dignified and more sober type of devotion which is distinctly Anglican in its character." It is a pity that the Bishop's remarks were not taken to heart by all who heard him, but they were not, and we still have here and there, eccentric and merely mediaeval ritual. This portion of the Bishop's address was referred to a Committee and they brought in what seemed to me, a rather surprising report, namely, "that no church could be said to have been duly used on any Sunday when there was no Celebration."

This year I celebrated my 30th anniversary of Rector of Grace Church and preached on the two words from Genesis "Thirty Years". What tremendous changes I have witnessed in country and city, in Church and Parish. It does not seem possible that one man remaining steadily on one place could see passing before him such a shifting panorama, but America is the land of rapid changes. I received very hearty congratulations from everybody on this occasion. The Diocese lost three old and well-known clergymen this year, all of them dear personal friends of mine. The first was George Street, Honorary Canon of the Cathedral, a fine old English gentleman who had been long connected with the Diocese. No preacher, and not capable of taking charge of any large field, but earnest, devoted, cultured and very companionable. Although not in charge of a parish for many years, he was always at work, and in the very last year of his life he succeeded in getting a church built at Winter Park, Florida. Then came Dr. Theodore Morrison, father of the present Bishop of Iowa, the Senior Presbyter. I had been so closely associated with him in Diocese work for so many years that I felt his loss deeply. Not a brilliant man but wise, cool and steady, a good adviser and a true friend. Then came the death of dear old Dr. Louderback, sweet and gentle spirit, one of the earliest missionaries in this Diocese. May all these rest in peace and go on in glory. On September 18 of this year the new Waterman Hall was opened and immediately filled. My friend and one in whom I have been interested from his youth, the Rev. Benjamin F. Fleetwood took charge, and at this time of writing, 1902, is still the wise and efficient head. On November 23rd we were all summoned to the funeral services of Dr. Tolman Wheeler. They were held in St. James Church, and I took part in them. The Church was filled with old citizens and a large body of the clergy; and the Bishop gave a warm and touching eulogy of the departed who had been ever such a generous friend of the Diocese. He has never had his equal among us in liberality,

sorely as such as he are needed. The Bishop spoke at length and with picturesque eloquence of his attendance at the Lambeth Conference in June 1888. The point I remember the most vividly about that Conference is that my very dear friend, Samuel S. Harris, Bishop of Michigan, died in London while in attendance on it. Splendid in physique and richly endowed mentally, it did seem sad that he should have passed away so young, but God knows best.

1 8 9 0.

The printed Journal for this year is the leanest and smallest we ever had. I do not know why, for it was not a lean or small year in the Diocese. The endowment of the Diocese, that shadow which had darkened down our so many Conventions now took on form and substance. \$25,000 were really subscribed this year and that was a great step forward. There have been many quivers and putting forth of one foot since, but not much more has been added, and what was done then was not done by any of the many Committees on the subject, but by the Bishop's own personal exertions.

There this year was organized, and organized with force and liberality, that noble society for the relief of the Widows and Orphans of clergymen of this Diocese. The founder of this, and the one to whom it owes all its strength, was Mrs. Lydia Hibbard of Grace Church, one of the dearest friends I ever had, and one who from the very day I became Rector of that parish down to the day I left it was my right hand woman, as her husband was ever my right hand man. Nor did this personal kindness to me cease when I ceased to be Rector. Down to this very hour, August, 1902, no people do more for my comfort and my happiness. Grace Church came nobly to the support of this noble woman in her work for the clergy's families, and of the \$6,375 she reported in her first report to Convention this year, Grace Church gave \$3,665. Mrs. Hibbard also took hold of another matter with her characteristic energy, and that was the "Clergy Retiring Fund". It had up to this time secured but little help from our Diocese, but she pushed its claim so forcibly that before long nearly all the senior and the poorer clergy in the Diocese were Life Members. I am sure that admirable Society never had a more earnest worker in its ranks.

This year also the splendid addition to St. Luke's Hospital, called the Johnston Memorial, was completed and opened, and the furnishing supplied as if by magic. It doubled the capacity of the Hospital, which this year took care of nearly a thousand in-patients. The attention of the Convention was called to the work among the Swedes. The Church ought to be strong among the Swedes for it greatly resembles their own home church; but it is not strong, and it never will be for the simple reason that the Swedish Church does not care a straw for the distinctive principles of the Church, and takes no pains to commend emigrants to her care.

A Committee was appointed at Convention to secure a permanent Episcopal residence for the Bishop, the one given by Dr. Wheeler which the Bishop was then occupying having become very unsuitable for him. That residence has not yet been found, and the Committee of which I was one is still probably, actively engaged in hunting for it. Of course the Diocese has provided a house for the Bishop, but it, like the one St. Paul lived in, "an hired house".

The Church Club, so well known in one Diocese and so potent a factor in fusing together the Churchmen of our city and promoting the inter-communion of

parishes, took form this year thanks to the indefatigable efforts of the Arch-deacon. It was his favorite work, his hobby if one may call it so, and he seems to have laid the foundations wide and well.

This year introduced also the building of the Sisters Mission House at the Cathedral. No words of mine can tell how much good the Sisters have done in that place. I say this gladly, though I have never much fancied Sisters. I know they are most pious and devoted women, but they are all most self opinionated, most determined to have their own way, most unyielding and most narrow.

This year also marked the opening of Waterman Hall, that fine school for girls, which happened though it has been in disputes about its property and with limitations of income, has yet been able steadily to grow in offered advantages and in public confidence. Dr. Fleetwood, whom I have known from boyhood, seems, if any one does, to be the right man in the right place. Dr. Wheeler's widow, always, as he was himself, occupied in doing good, gave this year an excellent house on Dearborn Street as a Rectory for the colored church of St. Thomas. It was a perfect godsend, and the present Rector of the parish, Lealtad, as nice a young colored man as I ever met, with an equally nice wife, lives there this year of writing, 1902. I have had some quite amusing experiences in this colored church. I once went there to preach in Lent. I gave out my text "Escape for Thy Life." What was my surprise to see six colored fellows immediately jump up and flee out of church. The mortified Rector insisted upon it that it was mere convenience, but it looked very suspicious to me. Another time I took the services for the Rector. The time for the Offertory came, an occasion of great ceremony in that parish. Two choir boys started out to collect the offerings. They came back without a cent on the plates. I was doubting what I should do about presenting empty plates to the Lord, when the horrified choirmaster rushed forward and put a nickel on the plate, which I then held up with all the gravity possible, while the choir sang, "Holy Offerings rich and rare." Rare, they certainly were that time. Another time I was walking away after service just behind a young couple who had been at church, and I heard the young fellow say, "Miss Johnson, I considered the discourse rather feeble."

The Chicago clergy felt very much the departure of Dr. Vibbert for Philadelphia. No Rector of St. James since Bishop Clarkson's time had made such a mark on the Church in Chicago. He ruled with a rod of iron, but he made St. James toe the mark, and that is considered in our ecclesiastical world a hard thing to do. We gave him a farewell dinner at the Tremont House which was attended by 43 of the clergy. Such a dinner is a pretty good evidence that a man has been popular and influential. Many a Rector in this city has departed without it, "silently folded his tent and stole away." The population of Chicago had increased from 849,000 in 1880 to 1,000,000 in 1890. It was comforting to know from careful investigations and statistics compiled by that indefatigable plodder, Henry Kinney, that the Church had held her own at least in this marvelous increase, although meagre indeed had been our contributions for missionary extension.

1 8 9 1.

At the Convention in May of this year, there were reported 87 clergy as belonging to the Diocese of whom 72 were present. There were 53 parishes and 37 missions. At the opening service a very beautiful Pastoral Staff purchased by a general contribution from the Clergy of the Diocese was presented to the Bishop. My brother clergy had chosen me as the Presenter of the Staff, and I

expended the best gray matter in my brain in the preparation of my address. The audience seemed satisfied with the attempt, but I do not think the Bishop was, for he never alluded to it in any way to me, and although he replied of course to my speech his tone was very cold. I was surprised when the Journal was published to learn that he had not permitted any allusion to be made to this interesting event in the account of the proceedings. It is this staff which is carried before the Bishop on ceremonial occasions and it is, as I said, a very handsome one. In lieu of his address, the Bishop delivered a very scholarly and logical charge. The subject of this charge was the Assault upon the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. He was probably induced to choose this subject by the fierce war of words which was at that time going on in all Church papers, and in the organs of other religious bodies, and indeed in many of the secular journals, over the utterances of Heber Newton of New York, and the lamentations of a certain MacQueary in Ohio, who became, I think, an Unitarian, and is probably a Pantheist by this time. He has utterly disappeared from view. Newton has never had any influence, and has just failed in California at this time of writing, 1903. The criticism of the Holy Scriptures has, however, taken great strides since the Bishop delivered this charge; and while there has been much said and taught that was purely imaginary, and often destructive of any theory of inspiration, yet much light has been thrown upon dark places and the views now held of the inerrancy, and the relative importance of the books of the Bible, even those of the most conservative, are very different from the narrow and Rabbinical views prevailing when I began my theological studies. As I look back over the teaching about the Bible prevalent in my early day, it seems incredible that sensible men should ever have thought that such views were really those of the Word of God.

After luncheon the Bishop made a short address, in which he spoke of the fine condition in which all the organizations of the Diocese at present were. One of those he mentioned, "The Guild of the Iron Cross", has vanished into thin air. The others continue (now as then) their beneficent work. One of the Bishop's points was very telling. He said "Several cases have been reported to me where it would even then in such a failure be well to remember that the clergyman is 'ex officio' at the head of all organizations within his care, nor should any clergyman with a scintilla of respect for his office consent for one moment to the setting up of an "imperium in imperio", which is as harmful to the church as it is contrary to the whole spirit of our system. Clergymen of good repute and of diligence have been drive out of their folds by this dreadful evil, and churches have been ruined by it." How true this is, and it arises from the foolish permission certain clergymen give to guilds to choose their own officers and make their own laws. No Rector should ever relax his firm grip on every Guild in his parish, so that at any time he could dissolve a refractory one. Every Society, except the Vestry, is in his control, and he ought to make that clearly known. I do not know any part of the parish work that calls for more tact and discretion than the management of Guilds. They must be ridden with a soft bit, but a sure one, or else managing women or fussy ones will run away with them and give the Rectors a bad fall.

I do not always chronicle in these pages the opening of many churches, but I can scarcely pass over the opening of St. Mark's, Evanston, in April of this year, for this is by far the finest church in the Diocese outside the city of Chicago, and is rigorously correct in architecture, which can be said of very few of our churches. It has received many beautiful additions since the opening day, and the same brilliant, learned and polished Rector is at the head in 1903.¹¹

¹¹The Rev. Arthur Little.

He is an ornament to any Diocese. This opening was a great day for the Church in Evanston for we had no place of worship at all worthy of that rapidly growing and cultured town. The beautiful lectern in this Church was given by the Knights Templars. This curious Masonic Body has so many points in common with our own ritual and is so distinctively Christian in its doctrine (though unfortunately, as is often the case in the Church, its practice is far below the standard) that I have always encouraged their holding the Easter services to which they are obligated, in our churches. In Grace Church we often had very splendid gatherings of this kind and I know no more impressive sight than that of 3 to 400 stalwart men drawing their cross hilted swords and holding them before their eyes at the recitation of the Credo.

On Palm Sunday a humble woman of the parish of Joliet passed to her exceeding great reward, Mrs. Francis Nicholson. I mention this because she is a great example of what one woman without riches, without culture, without beauty or social grace, but all on fire with the love of God and devotion to His Church, can do for her parish. I frankly assert that without her perserverance, her unceasing pleading with indifferent and careless men, a Rector would not at that time have been called to Joliet, nor the first church built there. She was a very remarkable woman.

A most unheard of and unprecedented thing took place in St. James Church on Easter of this year. The Offertory, which was over \$1,000, was not appropriated to pay off old debts, or to buy new carpets, or to any parish purpose whatever. It was all given for Church extension work in the city. I may be mistaken, but I think the case was unique.

Thereby there hangs a tale — Dear Brother Kinney was going around then with the Stock Yards in his heart, just as he does now, and he was in a tight place then, as he often has been since and probably is now. Dear constant devoted soul, how he has been tried by street assessments and fires, and naughty boys breaking stained windows, and every other device of the enemy; and how his brethren, lay and clerical, have gladly helped him out. This time he wanted to enlarge the little church,¹² and he went to the Bishop to consult with him, how to make \$2.50 he had turn into \$1,000. How he gasped when the Bishop pulled out of his pocket \$350 of that St. James money, and handed it over to him.

Choir Festivals have been born, had measles and scarlet fever, got well, had whooping cough, sickened and at last died and were buried somewhere in the Diocese. It is some years since they breathed their last, but in this year, 1891, they came to their full and perfect beauty. In the great Auditorium, crowded to suffocation, on the 20th of May, 1200 vested men and boys gathered on the stage, and rendered a programme of noble Church music. There were carpers and critics, but to nine people out of ten it was most enjoyable. I do not believe any one in Chicago could have carried it through (for it involved immense work) but the man who did achieve it, and that was Henry B. Roney, my choirmaster. He was very fond of display and spectacular performances, but he was thoroughly efficient and conscientious. The profits of this festival, over and above all expenses, were fully \$1,000, and this served to bolster up the two or three festivals which followed.

¹²Holy Trinity Mission.

In September of this year, the whole chancel of Grace Church was transformed. Mrs. D. H. Denton set up a noble altar of white marble in memory of her departed husband, and, in connection with the Vestry, Mr. Tracy Lay covered the chancel floor with a lovely mosaic made in France of twined grapes and wheat stalks. Mr. Lay also put up a beautiful brass altar rail in memory of a daughter. The old altar I put in the chapel, for it also was a memorial, and the chapel altar I gave to a Mission where it is still used. The Bishop came and blessed the altar for us, and preached a most delightful sermon.

I am reminded by the death of Wm. Gold Hibbard at this time of writing, in 1903, that it was in October 1891, that the Men's Surgical Ward in St. Luke's Hospital was completely furnished by him. A year or two after, he built a Solarium for it and since his death, his family have endowed two beds in it. The words I used at the opening I may well repeat now, "A ward is well named after Wm. Gold Hibbard for it is a name which goes with a kind and manly heart, a sympathetic nature and a loyal and true man."

Mr. George Armour this year gave the Seminary the valuable plot of land on State Street, where he had built St. Clement's Church, a property worth nearly \$70,000. One of these days when improved it will be a most valuable addition to the income of the Seminary. The reason for his doing this was because St. Clement's proved to be a complete failure, after Mr. Armour expending for seven years some \$80,000 on it. (I knew from the very first that such would be the case and said so.) There was not the slightest need of a church in that place and it was principally a "Cave of Adulam" for those unquiet spirits who were dissatisfied with their own less sensational Parish Churches. Canon Knowles, as he left the grand failure fired the following parting shot at me and my brother of Trinity, John Rouse — "I am cheered," he wrote the Bishop, "by the thought that the quickened life and more attractive services of the various churches on the South Side which contrast so wonderfully with the conditions of seven years ago when St. Clement's began, will open for the members of our congregation a hospitable and happy spiritual home." Neither Rouse nor I had the least idea what he meant, as we could trace none of our advance to the influence of his little tabernacle, and we both thought that if the \$80,000 had been divided between us we would have been able to show much more for the money.

There now began to be talk in Church circles about the "Congress of Religion" at the approaching World's Fair. We had a large Committee about it, and held meetings; but as the Head of the English Church and the Presiding Bishop of our own Church gave the project a cold shoulder, Bishop McLaren could not very well push it with much force, so that our Church took no organized part in that wondrous talking machine, although individual clergymen of distinction read very interesting papers at it. I regretted this action at the time and thought we losing a great deal; but I changed my mind as time went on, and I have never been able to see that the "Parliament of Religion" had the least influence in advancing the great cause of Christian Unity.

Mrs. Tolman Wheeler passed away this year leaving bequests to Church objects of about \$20,000. She was a devoted and most liberal Church woman.

The 55th Convention met on May 31st in the Cathedral as usual, and the sermon was preached by a missionary from China, Sidney Partridge, now a Bishop in China. It was a strong sermon by a strong man, who looked cut out for a Bishop then. There were 71 clergy present, which was a good proportion out of 86, and 30 parishes and 8 missions were represented. Everybody was full of joy at the wonderful success of the effort at Church Extension which had been made during the year past. The offerings for the Board of Missions had nearly trebled, rising from \$8,000 to \$21,000. Many devoted laymen had worked hard over this, and so had priests. I am sure I had, and popular as I was in my parish, I had to hear a good many hard words about the way in which I was skinning my pork — alive, and draining every bit of money away from needed parish purposes; but, as St. Paul said, "None of these things moved me," and when the time came for pledging this year, I pledged \$3,000, though my delegates scowled over it. I paid it, but it cost me a great deal of money, and I have since felt it was expecting a little too much year after year. Indeed this great effort could not be every year made, and the pledges this year were about \$16,000. They are not that now in 1903, although the Diocese has grown greatly.

The Committee on the Tenure of Church Property made a Report. Oh, but it was long, and oh, but it was dull, full of crabbed legal terms. The kernel of the nut when cracked was, that no further legislation was practicable, and that the Bishop, acting as Corporation Sole, was thoroughly within his rights, and the attempt to refund the Bill which empowered him to do so, was void. So the Act of 1853 still stands, and the Bishop and the Trustees of the Diocese of Illinois still acts under it.

The Committee on the Episcopal Residences reported as usual. They expected to raise \$20,000 and to have it in a year, but they didn't, and it is now 1903, and the Bishop, like the first Great Bishop, has no place to lay his head. Resolutions on the death of dear old Frederic Stahl of Galena, one of our "landmarks", and with whom I had sat in Convention for many years, were appropriately offered. The Committee on Education made a tremendously long report which contained a sentence as true then as it is now, "Much is still needed to enable the Western Theological Seminary to assume that eminence among the schools of the Church which we believe to be its destiny." Some one, I forget who, offered a resolution protesting against the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays. It was laid on the table, as it should have been, for it was not germane to the work of the Convention. We were then to transact the business of the Diocese of Chicago and not of the universe. The Convention has usually treated such resolutions in that way, though now and then one slips in, as one did this year on a massacre of the Jews in Russia. A Russian Convention ought to introduce one about the lynchings in America. It would be a proper "quid pro quo". Apropos of opening the Fair on Sunday, after oceans of wild talk about it in pulpits and newspapers, it was tried and proved a failure. Very few people cared to go, I cannot tell why, so after a while they shut it up again. Our Henry C. Kinney wrote an exceedingly clear and interesting pamphlet on this, and on the whole question of Sunday observance. It is probably unprocurable now, but it well deserved a longer life. The Bishop in his address spoke most warmly of the Church Club. He said, "It has brought the men of the Diocese face to face. It has come to the aid of the Convention, and accomplished in a year what it would have taken years more to do here in winning our people to a deeper sense of their responsibility to the spiritual needs of this great metropolis. Its future usefulness will increase in volume. Years have shown the truth of his remarks, and the collapse of the

Church Club, would leave a great blank in the activities of the Diocese of Chicago.

The Bishop had a great deal to say about Sunday Schools, very much like what many Bishops have said before and since, but the riddle is still unsolved. There is at present a great deal of interest on this subject in this Diocese. I never felt that even my very large Sunday School, numbering sometimes 1,000, did much more than once a week to bring into beautiful surroundings and the society of well bred people, the children of the lowest classes. They did not get much spiritual good out of the teachings of the very imperfectly instructed teachers who kindly came every Sunday and labored with them. On some, however, a little good stuck fast; and every now and then I meet a man or woman who says, "My teaching about the Church I got in Grace Church Sunday School." If I have any conclusions on the subject, they are, that a competent person should be trained to do the teaching "en bloc", and then a little time be given to each teacher to hear recited the Catechism. The Bishop spoke approvingly of trained and guarded Lay Preaching. I consider it a great power, but great knowledge of men is needed in a Bishop to enable him to choose the right persons. Not every layman who talks, says anything; nor, for that matter do quite a number of clergymen. It is funny to read in the Diocese for this year, that Grace Church, Oak Park, is making strides under its new Rector, Rev. C. P. Anderson. How we have changed all that. The experiment was made this year of using the discarded St. Clement's Church for the Deaf Mute Mission of Rev. A. W. Mann. It began well, but was soon given up; and after "various cases", St. Clement's is now "Blessed Virgin Inconronata", a Roman Chapel, which surely is better than a furniture warehouse, to which base use it had been put.

The Rev. Joseph Rushton¹³ was very busy this year at the House for Incurables, the County Hospital, and the County Jail. The blessed services he began in all these places are still kept up, and are the greatest comfort to the poor unfortunates. No other Christian bodies, except ourselves and the Roman Catholics, seem to accomplish this work with any regularity.

We had a curious service on March 1 this year in the Cathedral. It was St. David's Day, the patron saint of Wales. The Church was full of Welsh people, though I did not observe any leaks in their hats, or any particular smell of onions. The Rev. Wynne Jones said the service and made an address in Keltic, being in birth, looks and hair, a true Welshman.

The Church House for Aged Persons made a very good showing this year. Over what a sea of troubles has that vessel of the Church House sailed! Founded by a dear sainted soul, who had a mania for founding things, without the slightest idea where the money was coming from to keep them up, it gasped and struggled for years, but some strong men and women have got hold of it, and it seems to be sailing now on a more even bottom. The moral is never be in a hurry to found charitable institutions. They are very delicate children to nurse through all the diseases of infancy.

We had a fine meeting of the Church Club on May 5, and a dinner at the Auditorium Hotel. There was a great novelty at it. A woman was one of the speakers, but there were no earthquakes, or signs in the sea or moon. Mrs. Ward was the woman, the President of the Woman's Auxiliary, and a good strong speech she made,

¹³Dr. Rushton may be considered the founder of "City Missions".

and we all enjoyed it very much, though after all, I think, such a thing is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The Choir Festival this year was split into three parts, no one having the courage of Mr. Roney, to undertake a grand union in the Auditorium. The same service was sung at Grace, St. James, and the Cathedral. I can only speak for Grace where the singing was not up to the mark, although there was a crowd of singers, and a crowded church, and a sweet touching address from The Rev. John Rouse, now gone to his rest in Paradise. The confirmations this year were 200 more than ever before, and, as I have said, the interest in Missions was very lively. On the 21st of June of this year a goodly company of us went down to Kankakee to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Dean Phillips' Rectorship. We had a service with a good dinner and a fine sail on the Kankakee river, and in the evening a reception in a big hall, where I and others made speeches, Dean Phillips made a most delightful reply. And then, best of all, out stepped a gentleman and handed Phillips a check for \$2500, a gift from his friends. It was a good day.

The General Convention was held this year in October. It was memorable, because it finished the legislation on the Prayer Book and gave us the very much improved Manual of Devotion we now have. It probably was as good a revision as we could expect, but it left much still to be desired. We still have to read about Balaam's Ass in the public service, and the imprecatory Psalms are still kept in the Psalter, and the Burial of the Dead is still a cold thing. But Rome was not built in a day, and these things will come perhaps before another hundred years. I wish there were a society for sending a copy of the Prayer Book to every Christian minister in the United States. I am sure it would be a most excellent missionary tract. We do not make half enough of the press, and lose greatly by it.

Canon Knowles, who had been here 28 years, felt consoled for the utter collapse of St. Clements by being called to a place in Trinity Parish (N.Y.City) which is generally a life tenancy. We gave him a good sendoff in the way of a farewell dinner at the Palmer House on October 26. About 60 clergy were present, and there was the usual taffy giving on the part of hosts and guest. We enjoyed the occasion very much.

Somewhere about this time the Chicago Prayer Book Society got incorporated, and it still has a showcase in the Church Club rooms. It could do much toward spreading the knowledge of our Prayer Book if it only had the means. But no generous hand has ever been stretched out to aid it, though it has done faithfully what it could, and its officers have given time and self-sacrifice to it.

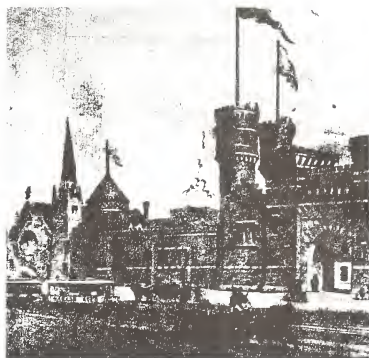
The Woman's Auxiliary had a very good meeting this year, and year by year it proves of greater value to the Church, and affords splendid opportunity for women of zeal and energy to display all their powers. We had to struggle to get it into the Diocese, but when it came, it came to stay; and the Chicago branch is one of which the whole Church may well be proud.

On December 8th, 1892, the Bishop as usual commemorated, at the Cathedral, the date of his consecration. A large number of clergy were present, and he made a most interesting address. He spoke of the pitiable weakness of the Church when he came here 17 years ago, the divisions and the difficulties. But, "Time", said he, "has warmed these refractory pieces!"

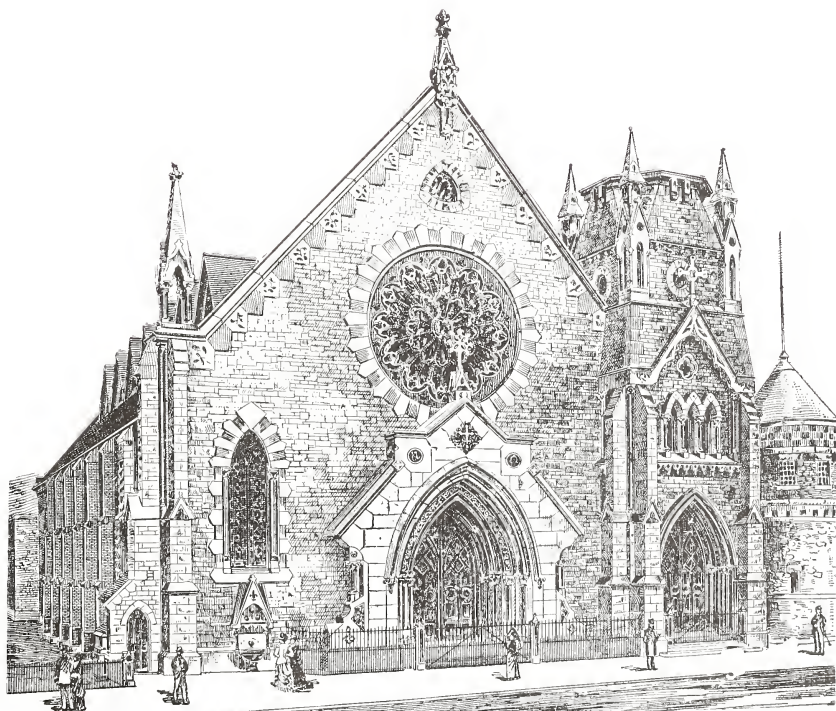
T H E E N D



CHRIST CHURCH, JOLIET
IN 1857



GRACE CHURCH ON WABASH AVENUE
c. 1870
(LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM AT RIGHT)



GRACE CHURCH - SPIRE REMOVED AFTER DAMAGED BY TORNADO
c. 1890
IN 1876

MY FIRST PARISH, By Clinton Locke, D. D.

When I left New York for my first parish in Joliet in 1856, it seemed to my family as it now seems to families whose sons are departing for Manila or Samoa. My dear mother whose ideas of the west were rather hazy, was convinced that Indians abounded in Illinois and that I would be likely to lose my scalp. There were no Pullman cars in those days and you were always two nights on the road, so that the journey was weary indeed. Two New York young men who came out with me brought along large cans of drinking water. They thought any water in the west undrinkable, and so they brought enough to last them to Chicago and back.

I had just been spending two years in Europe and was French polished to a high degree. It has all worn off long ago, but it must have been painfully evident to my Joliet parishioners. I found church affairs in Joliet at a very low ebb. There was a fine church lot, but no church and no prospect of any. One plain, perfectly unconventional but very energetic woman had with great difficulty brought a hesitating vestry composed chiefly of non-communicants to the point of venturing to call a rector and guarantee him a salary of \$1,200. Not one cent of the \$1,200 had been really subscribed when I arrived. I found that the place secured for the services was a Baptist meeting house, occupied by that body in the morning and only available in the afternoon. The first Sunday morning, then not being able to officiate, I thought I would attend some religious service and imbibe some western ideas. I chose the Methodist. There was the usual prayer and singing and then an individual rose in the pulpit, took off his coat (it was in July) rolled up his sleeves, gave out his text and said, "My name is Aleck and by the grace of God I'll give you Aleck before I get through." Now I am rather a free and easy speaker myself but this was a little too much for me and I said to myself, "My dear fellow, if this sort of thing is expected of you, you had better pack your trunk and return unto the place from whence you came." My fears were, however, groundless, for I soon found that the people to whom I was to minister were for the most part as refined and cultured as any eastern congregation. In the afternoon in the little seven by nine Baptist conventicle, I commenced my western career. There are no doubt some persons who will shiver with disgust when I tell them that I officiated in citizen's clothes, not because I preferred that way, but because my baggage had been delayed. It seemed a much more horrible thing to me then than it would now, but there was no help for it.

The very next evening I called the vestry together and said: "Gentlemen, I did not come out here to officiate in Baptist meeting houses on Sunday afternoons and I am not willing to do it even one more Sunday. I find that it is possible to get the court house on Sundays and I propose that we secure it im-

mediately." They objected that it was very dirty, very inconvenient and most unchurchly. I replied that it could be cleaned every Saturday at some little expense; that it was very nearly as churchly as the meeting house and that since there was no other place, there we must go. So there we went and for ten months there I officiated. By that time we had completed a nice little wooden church seating about 300. I thought it quite fine and so did my congregation, but as I bring it up before me, with my present lights, I know that it was dreadful and I rejoice that long ago it gave place to the present beautiful church of stone. It was consecrated on Easter Day, 1857, by Bishop Whitehouse. He was really quite amazed at the change that had taken place in church matters and said in elegant and faultless sentences that he was glad I was a "hustler."

One of the conditions of my rectorship was that I should hold a service once or twice a month in the township of Manhattan about ten miles from Joliet. The prairie there had been settled by a group of farmers nearly all of whom were good old fashioned Connecticut churchmen, and a better kind it is hard to find. There was no nonsense about them but they loved their Church dearly and felt deeply the deprivation of her services, so they agreed to help support the Joliet rector if he would occasionally come out to them. One Saturday evening soon after my arrival in Joliet a friend drove me out over the prairie to a little unpainted one story farm-house where lived a fine old churchman who was to be my host. The ride was a great delight to me; the seemingly boundless stretch of perfectly level land, carpeted with lovely flowers and with now and then a little cabin set in a grove of newly planted trees, was a great novelty to me. The next morning the farm wagons came lumbering up to the little red schoolhouse where the service was to be held. Rude indeed were the preparations, an old packing box was the altar and another the pulpit and I had to vest "coram populo."

Primitive, however, as it all was, never in the splendid services of Grace Church did I get nearer to God than I did that morning. The congregation was composed of men and women who had been trained in the Church, and to whom its worship was inexpressibly dear. As the service went on I saw tears rolling down the cheeks of stalwart men, and when I began the Litany sobs were audible from all parts of the room. After service I held a meeting of the people, and they agreed to undertake, as soon as possible, the erection of a small church. I found that a well-known churchman, John Bard, of Tivoli, N. Y., owned much land in the neighborhood, and as I knew him very well I promised to write and ask him to give a suitable portion for a glebe land. He did it gladly, and the rent of that land now forms part of the income of the parish at Manhattan. Before I left Joliet I had the pleasure

of seeing the little church completed, and a priest, the Rev. Charles Stout, put in charge of it.

A few months after my arrival in the west I heard of a large village called Morris, not far from Joliet, where there were a few Churchmen. I got the name of one of them, and wrote him saying I would come down on a certain day. On my arrival, the crusty old gentleman to whom I presented myself, instead of thanking me for coming, blew me up for not coming sooner, and accused me of being very derelict in my duty. His bark was, however, worse than his bite, and he proved a useful man to me, for he was intelligent and a thorough churchman. I struggled with Morris during my whole stay in Joliet, going there once a fortnight on a week day, being obliged to sit up till midnight to get a train back home—always a very distasteful thing for me to do. I gathered together quite a congregation, but could not get up a church building. Others tried it after me, and one got so far as to lay the foundations of a stone church, which foundations crumbled away, and Morris, when I last heard of it, was as bare of church privileges as it was forty years ago. It was ungrateful soil.

I spent three happy years in Joliet. My work grew and flourished. Everyone was very kind to me. I made many dear friends, the majority of whom are now on the other side of death. I felt, however, that the time had come for me to take a larger field and assume more extended interests, so when the very unexpected call came to Grace Church, Chicago, I knew it was my duty to accept it, and I did in July, 1859.

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THE OLD ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, INDIANA AVENUE FRONT



WOMEN'S WARD (3-W) IN OLD ST. LUKE'S ABOUT 1895

JAMES DeWITT CLINTON LOCKE

1829 - 1904

A Biographical Sketch

By the Rt. Rev. William Edward McLaren,
D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Chicago

Clinton Locke was born in New York City on the twenty-fourth day of July, 1829. He was the first born of five children, three sons and two daughters, and survived them all, though they lived to mature age. When a very young child — his father and mother, James and Mary Locke, removed to Sing Sing, on the Hudson, now known as Ossining, where they resided until their death, many years after.

It is interesting and instructive to note that the woman of sturdy faith who gave him birth, fixed his subsequent career by consecrating him, when a little boy, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ in the ministry of the Church; and she brought him up with the knowledge that his was a dedicated life. Not only did he assent to her devout wish, but he seconded it by personal choice, in which he never faltered. She lived to see him a priest.

It was with the sacred career in view that he secured employment as teacher in Mount Pleasant Academy, a school at Sing Sing, of which Mr. Maurice was the head. Young Locke was himself a pupil and only a boy in years, but the *res angusta domi* made the teaching necessary, as afterward it also required him to spend many months as a tutor in Virginia, and to take a tour of Europe with a lad who was the son of a member of the firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co. The warm relations then contracted between the tutor and his companion (Mr. Charles Lanier) continued through life.

Previous to his tutoring in Virginia and his tour in Europe, he entered Union College, Schenectady, and while going through his course taught classes to assist him in meeting his expenses. This spur of necessity demonstrated the mental gifts with which kindly nature had endowed him — a prophecy of future intellectual capacity. It also tested and proved the resoluteness of his response to a mother's hallowing.

At the early age of twenty he received his bachelor's degree at Union College, in 1849. After pursuing a course at the General Seminary in New York, he was ordered deacon by the honored Bishop Horatio Potter (also a graduate of Union College), at Dobbs Ferry, in September, 1855, and was assigned to service as assistant to the Rev. Dr. McVickar, who was rector at Dobbs Ferry.

At that early day the Church was very, very weak in the Western states, and must needs look to the East for clergymen. The day had not arrived when the East was to find some of its best material in the West. It was a happy day for Illinois when Christ Church, Joliet, a very feeble venture, called the young deacon to exchange the shores of the Hudson for the crudeness of a prairie village; and his acceptance showed the stuff of which he was made. This was in July, 1856, and shortly after this he was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Whitehouse. He made a strong impression at Joliet, and when I first knew the parish in 1876, its older members were wont to speak affectionately and not without pride of their young rector, who, after three years, had gone from them to Grace, Chicago, which, like Christ Church, was then rather a weak venture. But the contribution it received from Mr. Locke's energy, kindness, brains, and tact soon placed it on an enduring basis.

Then followed the noble and effective rectorate of thirty-six years, nearly one-half of his life time.

Grace Church then occupied a small frame building on Wabash Avenue, corner of Peck Court. Had it been at that time the policy to stay "down town", a fashion now happily more in vogue than then, the heart of Chicago would not have been destitute as it is of places of worship consecrate to Almighty God. But Grace Church did not go so far away as to forestall its inclusion again after many years in the compact regions of "down town", where, thanks to an endowment nobly begun, it will remain for a perpetual beaconlight to the souls of men. The new church — a noble structure — was completed and occupied in 1868. There was a debt, but this was discharged on October 19th, 1874, shortly after which it was my privilege to consecrate the church.

The salient feature of those thirty-six years, that which overtops and includes all particulars which can be specified, was the duplication of that strength of devotion which led his mother to offer her first born boy to the Lord. If it be true that a man's mind is maternal, it is equally true that a mother's faith usually descends. When St. Paul wrote to Timothy: "I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and thy mother, Eunice" (II Timothy i.5), he was citing only one of innumerable instances under the Old and the New Covenants. As I think of the vivacity and yet the solidity of all those years, the intensity tempered by constancy, the painstaking earnestness, lustrous with good cheer, the industry that did not weary because it was so methodical, the mastery of difficult situations without breach of charity, I see the answers of a covenant-keeping God to a mother's prayers. And there are thousands in every rank and condition of life — for this good shepherd was equally at home with the well-folded and the lost sheep — who have felt the touch of his good hand and the glow of his sympathetic heart. O, mothers, does not this noble life shame you who withhold your sons from the most honorable of all vocations, the Christian priesthood?

In another place,* I endeavored to pay my tribute to the character of my beloved friend, who was also the senior presbyter of my Diocese. I need not mention what was written in the first flush of my grief, when the announcement of his death reached me from Biloxi, save, in the more calm moments of my sorrow, to reiterate every word of it.

The continuous fidelity for more than a generation of a man who united a strong mind with a sane body and a devout heart, was quite as conspicuous in the unchronicled details as in the historic events that people remember. But these should not be passed over here. Dr. Locke's name will always be associated with St. Luke's Hospital, as its father and founder, and he lived to see it the best equipped and administered hospital in Chicago, with an endowment sufficiently ample to challenge men of means to multiply it until it shall become in all respects "free" to the needy, without regard to class or opinion. It is the common sentiment that St. Luke's is his Monument, and one worthy of the man who, seconded by his beloved wife and a few friends, laid its foundations, not without fear and trembling, in 1864. I should not omit to specify his heroic activity at the time of the great fire of 1871, when the doors of church and rectory were thrown open to the homeless, an example followed generally by his parishioners. Needless to say, Grace Church, priest and people, rose to the demands of that tragic catastrophe.

*In *The Diocese of Chicago* for March, 1904.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of his rectorship occurred in July, 1884, and, appropriately, with religious solemnities. At the social function which followed, hundreds of people paid their cordial respects to him and to his wife, who has ever been associated with him in good works and in an ideal married life.

Dr. Locke was repeatedly chosen as a clerical deputy to the General Convention, and for many years was re-appointed by his Bishop, Dean of the Northeastern Deanery. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Racine College, at the head of which was his old friend and fellow student, Dr. James DeKoven. He was many years a trustee of that college, and of the Western Theological Seminary of Chicago.

Not without previous warnings, his vocal organs collapsed in 1895, with the painful result that an immediate severance of the pastoral tie became necessary, and the still more painful result of inability for public speech and afterward of private conversation even. The best skilled practitioners here and abroad were baffled by the collapse. It was a terrible affliction. Think of it! Here was a man of pulpit force, a companion whose talk sparkled with wit and good cheer, a pastor whose tender tones had power to soothe tried hearts, and this man smitten to dumbness, just in that wherein was "the hiding of his power"!

If St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was an opthalmic disease, he could bear by grace the thorn which was not taken away; but he had his voice still. Clinton Locke's voice vanished; but he was singularly patient (not naturally a patient man), and his child-like submission to the sorrow that overshadowed his last years was beautiful. He loved above all things to talk in private and to preach in public, and then came that awful silence. The charm of life vanished, for it seemed to him that his usefulness was at end, and he longed for the death he did not fear. I think he erred as to his usefulness, for he showed many

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

The intervals of returning health cheered him from time to time, and he employed his pen greatly to our advantage. His *The History of the Western Schism* has had many scholarly readers. His *Five-Minute Talks* appeared in book form some years since, reaching a larger number of readers, and they are continued in the present volume. He was himself an omniverous reader, and was familiar with the literature of many languages in their originals; indeed as a linguist he was remarkable.

With Mrs. Locke, he went to the gulf coast in January, and, after a month of improvement, one night, Friday, February 12th, at the hour of midnight, his heart suddenly gave signals of exhaustion, and leaning his head upon the bosom to which he must now bid farewell, he looked up at the face of his beloved with a sweet smile, breathed slowly three times, and then, twenty minutes after the attack, was at rest forever. An expression of exceeding peace stole over his countenance, and a look as of youth renewed smoothed away every anxious line.

Remember, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant, who has gone before us with the sign of faith and rests in the sleep of peace: We beseech Thee to grant unto him, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, a place of refreshment, light, and peace; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.



THE REV. CLINTON LOCKE, D.D.



ADELE (MRS. LOCKE)

ADELE LOCKE (Mrs. Clinton)
1840 - 1919
AN 1895 BIOGRAPHY OF ADELE LOCKE - REPRINT FROM
THE LIVING CHURCH WEEKLY

Mrs. Locke (Adele Douthitt) was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; her father was Robert Henry Douthitt, a banker and well-known citizen; he died many years ago, but the blessing of a rare and beautiful mother almost supplied both parents. At an early age she was taken to St. Louis, where she was reared amongst Southern people, and always surrounded by the best influences of the Church, although partially educated in the Sacred Heart Convent, Monticello Seminary, at Godfrey, Illinois, and in the home of a beloved uncle, a man of great culture and remarkable acquirements, Mr. James W. Brown, of Philadelphia. He acted always the part of a father and counsellor, superintending Mrs. Locke's education and directing her reading. The devoted friendship of this devoted uncle, and the cultivated environment of his delightful home, influenced greatly the bent of the young mind and heart, and gave her forever high aspirations and taste for study and literature; while from her mother (well known to so many in this community as a most lovely and interesting character) she learned her devoted domestic virtues, and had her experience in philanthropy and charity. In 1859, January 27th, she was married in Christ Church, St. Louis, the Rev. Dr. Schuyler officiating, and went to Christ Church, Joliet. Soon after, the young rector and his wife went to Grace Church, Chicago, where they have been for 36 years -- absolutely absorbed in, and devoted to, the interests and success of a parish which has scarcely any parallel for steady growth and peace and good will. Mrs. Locke has had a wide sphere, interesting herself not only in good works and in numberless Church enterprises, but in art and literature, taking a conspicuous part in society in and out of the parish. She has at various times held office in the Woman's Fortnightly, the first literary club of the United States; she has served in the capacity of secretary and president of the diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary; and from the first has been a true friend of the Girls' Friendly Society of America. Three extensive tours have been made abroad, with unusual favors and privileges in foreign society, and many will remember her letters written from abroad, interwoven with charming personal experiences. By her extraordinary grace and energy and talent she has exerted a wide influence for good. Long may she be spared to continue and deepen the impression she has made upon the social and philanthropic life of Chicago. Mrs. Locke has stood close and unflinchingly by the side of her husband in his happiness and trials, successes and disappointments. Of their four children -- three sons and one daughter -- but two remain; both are married, and the family ties are tender and loving.

ADELE LOCKE ENTERED INTO LIFE ETERNAL MARCH 28, 1919

